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Popular Cossack Song.

A hopvine in the garden crept
Along the earth so low;
Near by a lonely maiden wept,
Her heart was full of woe.

Why twinest thou, green blooming vine,
Not upward toward the sky?
Why droopest thou, a maiden fine,
In sorrow head and eye?

How can the hopvine upward twine,
Supportless and alone?
How can the maid's eyes gladly shine—
Her Cossack friend is gone?

In the Mining Town.

"'Tis the last time, darling," he gently said,
As he kissed her lips, like cherries red,
While a fond look shone in his eyes of brown.
'My own is the prettiest girl in town;
To-morrow the bell from the tower will ring
A joyful peal. Was there ever a king
So truly blest on his royal throne,
As I shall be, when I claim my own?"

'Twas a fond farewell; 'twas a sweet good-bye;
But she watched him go, with a troubled sigh;
So into the basket, that swayed and swung
O'er the yawning abyss, he lightly sprang.
And the joy of heart seemed turned to woe
As they lowered him into the depths below.
Her sweet young face, with its tresses brown,
Was the fairest face in the mining town.

Lo! the morning came; but the marriage bell,
High up in the tower, rang a mourning knell
For the true heart buried 'neath earth and stone,
Far down in the heart of the mine—alone.
A sorrow-peal on her wedding day,
For the breaking heart, and the heart of clay;
And the face that looked from her tresses brown
Was the saddest face in the mining town.

Thus time rolled on in its weary way,
Until fifty years with their shadows gray
Had darkened the light of her sweet eyes' glow,
And had turned the brown of her hair to snow.
Oh! never a kiss from a husband's lips
Or the clasp of a child's sweet finger-tips,
Had lifted one moment the shadows brown
From the saddest heart in the mining town.

Far down in the depths of the mine one day,
In the loosened earth they were digging away
They discovered a face, so young, so fair—
From the smiling lips to the bright-brown hair—
Untouched by the finger of time's decay.
When they drew him up to the light of day,
The wondering people gathered round
To gaze at the man so strangely found.

Then a woman sprang from among the crowd,
With her long white hair, and her slight form bowed;
She silently knelt by the form of clay,
And kissed the lips that were cold and gray.
Then the sad old face, with its snowy hair,
On his youthful bosom lay pillowed there.
He had found her at last—his waiting bride;
And the people buried them side by side.

A Curious Disposition.

Three ladies were seated in Agatha Foster's parlor; Miss Fortescue, large, dark and of uncertain age, who monopolized the most comfortable armchair; Mrs. Becker, shrunken and sandy, who was constantly sliding off the sofa and reinstating herself with a jerk, and Miss Agatha herself, who sat apart from the others, glancing uneasily out of the window, as if distressed by their garrulity. Miss Agatha was a fair young woman, with a noble head and a countenance expressive of all grace and goodness. Yet at this moment she entertained feelings decidedly hostile to her callers, who had run in, with the familiar freedom of fellow boarders in a family hotel, to chat away the afternoon. At heart they were immensely sorry that Miss Nathie Foster had not yet returned from a suburb, where she had gone the day before. Miss Nannie, Agatha's cousin, companion and chaperone in one, was far more to their taste; she was more attentive, more easily impressed, more sympathetic, they thought. She never sat looking out the window when they were retailing their choicest bits of scandal for her especial benefit. But then she was a woman of years. However, they still lingered; it was a pleasant place. The Fosters had the handsomest suite in the building—and furnished with such taste! Such carpets! Such decorative art! And the Fosters were tip-top people. There were four of them, Miss Agatha, her two bachelor brothers, ten and a dozen years her senior, and Miss Nannie, who, since their parents' death, had kept the children together. The winter day drew to a close, the room grew dusky, and still the ladies lingered.

Agatha could endure it no longer; this, of all days, she was without patience. She rose quickly.

"Ladies," she said, with an indignant quiver in her sweet contralto voice, "you must excuse me. I cannot listen to such conversation!"

There was silence a moment; then Miss Fortescue lifted her cumbrous frame. "Oh, certainly. I quite understand. We will withdraw. We do not wish to offend."

"Oh, certainly," faintly echoed Mrs. Becker, sliding from the sofa for the last time and preparing to follow.

Agatha's impatience only increased. "And allow me to say," she exclaimed, with no compunction, "that I think ladies might be better employed than with their neighbors' affairs."

"Good-afternoon," said Miss Fortescue, savagely.

"Good-afternoon," sneered Mrs. Becker.

"Good riddance!" cried Agatha, sharply, ere the door had closed.

"To-day of all days," she said, as she walked to and fro in the dusk. Presently the door opened.

"All in the dark, Agatha?" asked a cheery voice.

"I thought you would never come, Nannie," was the swift, unnerved reply.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear?"

"I have just put Mrs. Fortescue and Mrs. Becker out of the room, and it—has annoyed me."

"Dear me, what had they done?"

"The same old sickening gossip. Miss Bruce flirts on the street; Mrs. Gray holds her step-child to the fire to burn it, and so on and so on."

"They get their ideas from the morning papers," said Nannie, calmly, unclasping her fur-lined circular. "The stepmother holding the child to the fire is a favorite paragraph when news is scarce. Sometimes she heats the flat-iron. For my part I would never go to that trouble."

But Agatha could not respond to her staid humor. She helped put away the wraps, and inquired after the suburban friends.

"You look pale; aren't you well?" asked Miss Nannie when they were seated.

The girl dropped her eyes. "Nannie, I have some news for you," she said with an effort. "I—last night—I promised Mr. Peters—to—to marry him." Then she sighed as if relieved of a great burden.

The room was still, utterly still. If Miss Nannie were surprised or shocked she gave no token. She only sat quietly looking at the girl and taking time to reflect. Agatha never lifted her eyes until, after some moments, her cousin cleared her throat and tranquilly inquired: "Well, dear, are you satisfied that you will be happy?"

Then the girl rose and threw herself upon the sofa. "Oh, Nannie, I don't know; I can't tell."

More silence. Then Miss Nannie asked if she had told the boys.

To these women George and Lewis would be "the boys" as long as they lived.

"I told George at noon," replied Agatha, in a voice heavy with tears. "Lewis was not here. I wish you would tell him."

"And what did George say?"

"He only said, 'I congratulate Peters.'"

Miss Nannie leaned back in the chair and meditated, bringing Peters up for a mental review. Poor little whiffet! To be sure he had money, some social standing and a fair education. They had known him a long, long time, and even felt for him a sort of distant relatives' affection. They would do anything in the world for him. He often took Agatha about, to places of amusement, to church, or riding. But he was at least fifteen years her senior, and they had never dreamed of his aspiring to marry her. His appearance was pitifully against him. Miss Nannie reviewed his bad build, his bowed legs, his "wild eye," as she called it, a suspicious eye that seemed to skirmish about the room while its mate regarded you with steadfast respect. Then she turned her thoughts to Agatha—Agatha perfect in face and figure and ennobled by education and advantages—Agatha, for whom a senator had proposed and a congressman languished, to say nothing of her lesser adorers—Agatha, who had rejected the senator because he lacked principle, and the congressman because he was a widower.

Nannie remembered that the girl had suffered and shed tears over refusing these and others. She had a curious disposition, as the boys had said.

At length Nannie roused and spoke. "I will tell Lewis; and now, dear, you had better dress, it is near dinner-time."

"Hark!" cried Agatha, "there he is now—gone into his room."

Nannie recognized the clumsy step, Lewis had never yet come up those stairs without tripping at the top; the rushing, impetuous way of his boyhood would always cling to him.

"I am going at once to tell him, before George comes," said Nannie, rising.

"Yes, do," sighed Agatha. And when her cousin had gone out across the corridor, and her tap had been welcomed by a careless "Come in!" the young girl stole after and listened at the crack of her brother's door.

"Lewis, I have news for you," said Nannie, gently, and there was a hidden sob in her fond voice. "Agatha has promised—to marry Mr. Peters."

"Oh Lord!" cried Lewis, in open-mouthed disgust.

Agatha crept away from the door; her face was burning and her heart beat hard.

But Miss Nannie remained awhile in her cousin's chamber.

"Lewis," she said, gently, "I suppose we all feel the same over this—matter? Agatha says when she told George he remarked that he 'congratulated Peters.'"

"Well, this is too bad," said Lewis, indignantly. "It is a shame if a girl with her face and brains can't do better. She is altogether too soft-hearted. She would have married all the men who ever proposed, if we had let her, and out of sheer pity, not because she cared for them. That is why she accepted Peters, couldn't bear to hurt his feelings—didn't want his eyes to suffuse with tears! We must do something to prevent."

Nannie smiled deprecatingly: "We must be very careful. Agatha has a curious disposition, and if she thought we were all against him she would only pity him the more."

"If there was only some way to dispose of him," exclaimed Lewis, grimly; "if we could send him out with the next Arctic expedition—"

Nannie rose. "You will be very careful what you say, Lewis?"

"Oh, of course."

She lingered at the door. "Agatha has not a forceless nature by any means," she said; "she can get angry if she cares to. She tells me she put Miss Fortescue and Mrs. Becker out of our parlor to-day, because of their vile gossip. I have no doubt she did."

"Humph!"

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Agatha came down to dinner with her face composed and her manner gracious as ever. Her inward defiance was not outwardly manifest. Of her family, George was a shade more dignified than usual, and Lewis appeared annoyed, while Nannie put on a regretful look and sighed occasionally. When they left the dining-room, Agatha swept haughtily by the table, at which sat the Fortescue and Becker. She was done with the twain and intended they should see it.

Up in their parlor, George sat down by his sister. "Agatha," he said, slowly and with an evident distaste for the subject, "do you think you did well to engage yourself to Mr. Peters before consulting your family?"

"I was of age three years ago," she said, regarding him with serene dignity.

"Yes, yes, of course. But there is such a thing as advice. Mr. Peters is our good friend, but is he a suitable husband for you?"

"What is there against him?" she asked, unflinchingly. She was not blind to her lover's bodily imperfections. She had lain awake all night mentally endeavoring to straighten his crooked limbs and control his recreant orb. But with daylight they had dawned upon her as uncompromising as ever.

But George would not stoop to personalities. "Nothing," he answered, quietly. "Only we have looked very high for you. We want you to be happy."

"Then do not speak against Mr. Peters," she said, in a way that seemed to dismiss the subject.

George betook himself to his own room, and Lewis took his place by Agatha. "I suppose I am to congratulate," he said, with a careless disregard of Nannie's injunctions.

"You do not seem very enthusiastic," responded his sister, calmly, recalling his secretly-heard exclamation upon first learning the news.

"I can't help it if I don't," he answered, half impatiently. "You know how proud we are of you, Gath, and we can't be expected to think any man good enough."

She smiled.

He went on recklessly: "I don't believe you knew what you were doing. You don't love Peters, you only pity him, just as you used to pity the senator and all the rest. This crooked little curmudgeon! Why, he is older than George, and cross-eyed—"

She sprang up in a rage: "Lewis, you have said quite enough. Never speak to me again. I forbid it!"

Then she sought her own chamber and threw herself upon the bed.

Nannie came to her after awhile "My poor darling! Why are you feeling so bad?"

"Lewis has been saying such awful things!"

"And are you quite sure you have made no mistake?"

"Quite sure?"

She arose and arranged her toilet; Mr. Peters was to come that evening.

He arrived early. Nannie endeavored to be gracious, but excused herself, leaving Agatha to her lover, the boys having both gone out. And Agatha, with Lewis' cool criticism still ringing in her ears, felt as if in a dream. Fortunately Peters made no inquiries as to her brothers' opinions of the marriage. Miss Nannie had congratulated him as though all was satisfactory.

Agatha accepted his adoration quite passively, and at last, when he had gone, retired to her own room to pity him, and tell herself how much she loved him.

But as the winter slipped away the engagement was announced, and, having remained unbroken, Agatha's brothers even began to feel quite resigned.

The quiet, intense devotion of Norman Peters was touching. He worshiped his betrothed; to him she was a very goddess.

"If," thought Nannie, with a softened regret, "if he were only not quite so small! If he were only a half inch taller, to be of even height with Agatha!

Meanwhile Agatha was fretting herself to death. A thousand little heartless sarcasms and glances of ridicule, to which Peters, in his great happiness, was utterly oblivious, were constantly stabbing her. Night after night she passed in wakeful agony, the idea of breaking the engagement never once occurring to her. She was sure she loved him, and she realized the depth of his devotion. She endeavored to rise above morbid sensitiveness, telling herself that people would cease their cruel ways when they saw that she was determined to stand by him. But she grew thin, and her face wore a hunted expression. Mesdames Becker and Fortescue now began to circulate petty little stories about her—ingeniously constructed, but untruthful romances.

Nothing very bad, for Agatha was a woman to whom no doubtful mist clung for a moment; but whispers of "coquetry," "girlish folly," and "last resort," which were blown from lip to lip on the dubious breath of friendship, came at last to vex the ears of the Forsters. Agatha only grew more pale. Stormy Lewis, however, one day confronted Miss Fortescue in the hall before his sister's room.

"I can tell you, madame, that you must discontinue your talk of my sister," he cried, angrily.

Agatha came out. "Oh, Lewis, dear."

He took her by the arm. "Go back, Gath. I've a matter to settle with this lady. She knows what mischief she has been trying to work, and I intend the talk shall cease, or I shall take measures she may not admire."

Without a word Mrs. Fortescue turned and fled.

"I was sorry for her," said Agatha; "she looked so guilty and helpless."

"I declare I haven't much patience with you," exclaimed her brother, "to think that you would defend her, and she every day assailing your good name. But all your ways of late are provoking. You are going to marry a man you don't love, because you pity him. For God's sake, why didn't you pity some one suitable?"

She trembled with excitement and passion.

"Lewis, if you have the least particle of love or respect for me, you will never speak so again. I do love Norman, and it will kill me if anything should break the engagement!"

Lewis quit her presence crestfallen.

The days slipped by. There had been no date fixed for the wedding, nor was the subject discussed by the family.

None but Nannie knew the terrible tremor in which the girl existed. She was moving about, her hands constantly occupied. Day after day, rain or shine, the two women were out of doors. They had always an errand, usually one of mercy. Nannie, however disinclined, would have felt it a sin to oppose, and so Agatha dragged her off through the flitting sunshine, the moodiness, the chill, or the storm of the springtime, until one last morning.

It had been raining for three days, and so steadily that the sidewalk flags were cleaned and whitened.

Agatha said they would not be hampered with a carriage, and they took a car for a mile or so, alighting to walk a few squares to another line. The storm had abated, and the rain was but a listless drizzle.

Agatha slipped and slid once, and Nannie gave a frightened exclamation.

"My overshoes are useless," said the girl, carelessly. "I must have another pair. I have a good deal of shopping to do soon."

"Your outfit—" ventured Nannie, and stopped.

Agatha sighed, but the sigh was lost in the noise of the street.

A poor little yellow dog limped out from under a passing vehicle, holding up one paw and yelping pitifully.

"Oh, see," cried Agatha, with her eyes wet. "Poor, poor doggie! I am so sorry!"

The yelps died away in the distance, and the ladies went on.

A blind man crying "Cough lozenges?" upon the corner detained them for a moment.

In the next block an old building had been torn away to give place to a new one. Careless workmen had left the sidewalk unguarded in one place, a step from which would have landed one in a deep cellar, where lay a number of loose foundation stones.

Just as they had reached this spot they were brought to a sudden halt by loud cries and confusion. Down the street, and directly toward them, came a runaway team dragging a splendid carriage.

Agatha took an irresolute step forward, and then sprang back as the horse dashed up against the sidewalk.

The women were thus separated, and in a second Nannie was reaching forward, cold with horror.

"Agatha!" she cried, but too late. The girl had lost her balance, and had fallen backward from the unguarded sidewalk down into the deep cellar, and there lay upon the stones limp and unconscious.

* * * * *

She would live, sadly crippled and helpless; the spine had been injured and one hip dislocated. So said the best of surgeons. She would henceforth require all care and tenderness.

"Thank God she is not poor!" cried Nannie. As for the boys, George was completely crushed, and Lewis paced the floor for hours, crying for his "Poor, poor sister!"

Agatha insisted upon hearing the worst, and, when it was made known, was silent. By-and-bye Nannie could see great tears trembling under the long, dark eyelashes.

"I would not mind," faltered the sufferer, "but for him. Who will love and care for him now?"

Then she asked that he be sent for at once. When he arrived Nannie and the boys were in the room, but they withdrew to the window. Peters' face was as pale as Agatha's own.

"Norman, dear," she said, without a preface, "I am a cripple for life. I may never walk again. I sent for you—to give you back your freedom."

A frightened expression overspread his countenance; his lip quivered, and he sank on his knees by the bed and buried his face.

"Agatha, darling!" he cried, with real pathos, "don't, don't cast me off! You are a thousand times dearer to me now. All I ask is the right to care for you"—his voice broke, and he fell to weeping.

By the window three persons heard it all. They looked in silence at each other, then Lewis strode swiftly across the room.

"Peters," he said, "we haven't done right by you. I, myself, have acted despicably. But if you will forgive and forget, it will be very different in the future."

Then Peters, who had risen, stood silent and bewildered till, through the mist, the room grew suddenly bright, for they had encircled him and were clasping his hands with sudden warmth.

And as Agatha lay watching she raised a feeble hand to stay the tears that coursed her cheeks.

"I never thought," she sobbed aloud, "I never dreamed I could be so happy!"

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A French paper says: "It is a remarkable fact that there are no rats in the islands of the Pacific ocean. Repeated attempts have been made to acclimatize the rodents there, as the flesh is much esteemed by the natives as an article of food. But the attempts thus far have failed, as they invariably die of consumption."

Among the instruments at a recent scientific meeting was one exhibited by Sir F. Bramwell, employed for ascertaining the velocity of trains and the efficiency of brakes. With this apparatus it was found that a train weighing 125 tons ran five miles five yards after steam was shut off while traveling at a speed of forty-five miles an hour. The line was level and the day perfectly calm.

Sensations are transmitted to the brain at a rapidity of about 180 feet per second, or at one-fifth the rate of sound; and this is nearly the same in all individuals. The brain requires one-tenth of a second to transmit its orders to the nerves which preside over voluntary motion; but this amount varies much in different individuals, and in the same individual at different times, according to the disposition or condition at the time, and is more regular the more sustained the attention.

Experiments upon over four hundred individuals of all classes, ages and occupations show how great is the diversity of opinion as to the size of objects seen through the microscope. The object used in the experiments was a common louse magnified to a theoretical size of 4.66 inches. The majority of observers underestimated this value; two estimates were only one inch; seven were over a foot, and one was at least five feet. New students of the microscope usually receive an impression somewhat larger than the real value, and adhere to it for a considerable time.

Dr. Mittendorf states that American students are less afflicted with near-sightedness than German students. The affection is developed by sedentary occupations and lack of exercise, women being therefore more liable to contract it than men. It usually appears in childhood, rarely after the twenty-first year. Weak glasses of slight blue tint should be worn early to stay its progress, as blindness often follows neglect of treatment. In his paper on this subject Dr. M. tells of a fine horse in Berlin which became intractable and was found to be suffering from near-sightedness, but was as docile as ever after a pair of glasses had been fitted to its eyes.

Norwegian Graveyards.

A national characteristic is the remarkable care that Norwegiads bestow on their graveyards. I stumbled on one at Christiansandt on a Saturday evening and found it alive with people busily engaged in the work of dressing the plots and ornamenting the graves. The graveyard was not an untidy field like many of our old churchyards, nor yet was it a stiff and trim garden like most of our modern cemeteries. It was a quiet and secluded rustic retreat in the midst of a little wood, under the shade of ash trees, birches, beeches and limes. The graves were not mounds covered with green sod; they stood high almost like boxes, and were overgrown with periwinkle and covered on the top with flowers either growing in the soil or in flower-pots, or set in vases and crystals of various shapes, that of the cross being the most common. The care and neatness with which the graves and grave-plots were kept were quite remarkable. Each family plot formed a little garden, with walks and flowerbeds, and generally with a little iron seat at one side of it, where the sorrowing friends might sit and meditate. On nearly every plot one or two ladies were busily engaged in trimming and dressing the garden. They had little rakes in their hands and also little watering-cans, with which they dressed and watered their flowers and shrubs. Fuschias, roses, geraniums, lilies and other flowers were growing luxuriantly on many graves. This surely is an improvement on the dismal yew trees and the ugly immortelles of basket china to which we are too much accustomed. There can hardly be any fitter or more pleasing emblem of the life beyond than pretty flowers and graceful trees, with their constant life and with their bloom ever being renewed from season to season.—*London Times.*

It is estimated that Alabama will turn out 370,000 tons of pig iron in 1883.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The rapidly-decreasing number of sheep in the United Kingdom leads the English press to a discussion of its causes and the remedies needed. In 1874 there were nearly 35,000,000 head of sheep. In 1877 the number had fallen to 32,000,000, and since then the decrease has gone on without abatement until at the present time the number is estimated at only 28,000,000. In Ireland alone in the past ten years the decrease has amounted to over a million head.

The fortunes of four leading Western railroad men were estimated eighteen years ago as follows: Stanford, $40,000; Crocker, $25,000; Huntington, $100,000; Hopkins, $100,000; total, $255,000. They are now rather stintingly recorded as follows: Stanford, $80,000,000; Crocker, $40,000,000; Huntington, $50,000,000; Hopkins' estate, $90,000,000; total, $200,000,000. These men formed a syndicate to build a railroad to California, and made immense personal fortunes from the venture.

A little incident of Hungarian criminal procedure shows that after all torture is not so obsolete as was supposed. The facts are stated by a legal adviser of the prisoners in a memorial to the minister, and they show how agreeably a commissary of police in Hungary combines business and amusement. His business being to extract confessions, the criminal is hung up by his feet, or if a woman, is suspended over the fire, when the required information is at once communicated. All this is forbidden by the law of the country, but still it goes on.

In regard to the manner in which the Chinese are sweeping California waters of fish, the San Francisco *Bulletin* says: A walk of observation through Chinatown in this city will disclose the fact that fish of all kinds are taken in nets and afterward dried for both Chinese home and foreign consumption, that range from one-half inch to three inches in length by an eighth of an inch to one-half an inch around the largest part of the body. They are to be seen, day in and day out, after being dried, in large baskets, ready for shipment or consumption, at every fishstand of the Chinese. The fish are not confined to any distinct species, but are of innumerable classes.

The Duke de Santona, a Spanish grandee of the first class, has just died at Madrid, leaving an enormous fortune to his only daughter. He was of obscure Cuban birth, and once followed the hatter's trade. At this he acquired great wealth and was ever ready to spend large sums in behalf of the Alphonist party in all political contests, even while Alphonso was yet a mere cadet at the military academy, with only the slimmest chance of ever reaching the throne. So, when at last the young prince did become king, he remembered gratefully the devoted follower who had rendered him such signal services. He gave him opportunities of largely increasing his fortune, made him Duke de Santona, and, at his death, occupied a place among the chief mourners.

Consumption has hitherto been regarded as a disease of the lungs, which cannot be reached directly except by inhalation, and the value of that form of medication is problematical. A new theory of the disease, called the Salisbury theory, makes it one of unhealthy alimentation. According to this view, it is the fermenting of food in the stomach which furnishes to the circulation noxious material that affects the lungs on reaching those organs. Granting the truth of the theory, we shall have to consider consumption as curable. All that needs to be done is to use only such food as will not ferment in the stomach, and to clean out that organ occasionally by a judicious use of warm water, with simple tonics before meals to aid the digestive process. A weak solution of ferric per sulphate is recommended for inhalation to check hemorrhage in the severe stage of the disease. The idea is well worthy the attention of the many who are supposed to be in the initial stages of consumption. It would be an inestimable boon if it be the means of saving them, to say nothing of the many others whose cases are otherwise hopeless.

William F. Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," believes that General Custer killed himself, when he saw that death was inevitable, in preference to being killed by the Indians. He gives the following reason for this belief: "The Indians will not mutilate a body which they find dead, and General Custer's was the only one that was not scalped and otherwise cut to pieces or burned. My impression is that he, after seeing all his command shot down, and that he himself must also go, turned and took his own life rather than be killed by the savages. I was in General Crook's command that soon after arrived upon the scene, and although Custer went into the fight with seven companies, and had 300 men killed, I am satisfied he would never have given the Indians battle had he not thought reinforcements were near at hand. Some time after the engagement an Indian warrior told me that Custer was the last man to fall, and killed himself. Had Custer been given entire command of the troops he would have whipped the Indians instead of being crushed by them. They did not recognize Custer after he was shot, as he had a few months previous cut off his long hair."

Anecdote of Frank James.

Among the anecdotes which the admirers of Frank James love to relate to the glory of their hero is one belonging to the period of the Columbia (Ky.) bank robbery. When the members of the band had decided upon that exploit they spent a week in exploring the surrounding country in the guise of cattle-buyers, Frank James being hospitably entertained for several days at the house of a well-to-do farmer. During that time he diligently cultured the social amenities, frolicked with the children and made himself particularly agreeable to their grandmother. The old lady's chief delight in life was to peruse the Pilgrim's Progress. James professed to be deeply interested in that work, pored over it by the hour, and when, finally, he took his departure, begged her not to disturb the mark which he had placed at the point where he was obliged to stop. A few days later, when the country was ringing with the story of the murder and robbery, the old lady scorned to believe that her pious young friend was a desperate villain.

CONQUERED BY A BABY.

A Pretty Little Romance of a Southern City.

Once upon a time, and not very long ago at that, a young man of Atlanta fell in love with an Atlanta girl. This happens every day, and, as also happens, the young girl fell in love with the young man. Somehow or other the parents of the young girl frowned upon the union of these two hearts that beat as one, and they continued to frown until the young people, thrown upon their own resources, eloped, as young people will do, and the parental frown alluded to, instead of becoming a smile and a benediction in the presence of the inevitable, widened and deepened into bitter disapprobation. The father and mother set great store by their daughter and they were overwhelmned with grief when they discovered that for the first time in her life she had disobeyed them. They did not seek her out for the purpose of bestowing their forgiveness.

In the course of time a little baby was born to the young couple—a marvelously pretty child, we have been told—and it grew to be as cunning as it was beautiful. One day recently a lady acquainted with the facts, and intimate with both families, called upon the young mother, but found nobody at home but baby and nurse. An idea struck her and she lost no time in carrying it out. She seized the baby and bore it off in triumph to its grandmother. When she rang the door-bell at grandmother's house the lady was in a tremor, but the baby was as cool and unconcerned as a cucumber. Perhaps we ought not to say unconcerned, for when the grandmother opened the door, the baby laughed and crowed in her face, and was as saucy as you please. And wouldn't the lady come in and rest herself? Well, the lady didn't know; she was just passing, and she thought she would ring and see how all were getting along; but in she went, and presently grandmother was admiring baby as it sat perched, bright and buoyant, upon the lap of the lady. At this juncture the baby displayed the most exquisite diplomacy. It held out its dimpled arms to its grandmother, and was soon nestling against her motherly bosom. It laughed and crowed and cuddled, and when somebody made a pretense of taking it it cuddled the closer. What wonderful black eyes it had, to be sure! What a cunning little curl, half hidden behind its little pink ears! What tempting little toes! What dainty little hands! Oh! a wonderful baby altogether, the grandmother thought and said.

At this critical moment the grandfather made his appearance; and this remarkable baby seemed to understand its business thoroughly. It cooed and crowed at the grandfather, found a place in his strong arms, and hid its little face in his coat collar. The grandfather was captivated. He tossed and dandled the baby, and fondled it in a way altogether unusual. Then the lady was asked whose baby it was. Her position was embarrassing. She had no idea of the result, but she made bold to tell the two old people that it was their daughter's child. With this the grandmother fell to weeping and clasped this wonderful baby to her breast, and the grandfather walked nervously around wiping his eyes and wondering why he was so foolishly happy. Nothing would do those old people but their daughter must be sent for, and such another reunion and revival as was held over that baby never before was seen in Atlanta. That we'll say and stick to.

A carriage passed in front of the *Constitution* office yesterday, and in it were seated all the members of the united family. The baby had a front seat, and it was laughing and crowing and looking as pretty as a pink, and as cute—well, as cute as it could look, and if any reader of the *Constitution* is inclined to discredit this true story, all he has to do is to ask the grandmother about it.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

The Discovery of Porcelain.

Kaolin, a hydrated silicate of alumnia, is absolutely refractory and opaque; it constitutes the resistant part of porcelain. Feldspars are silicates of alumina and potassia, fusible at a very high temperature into a beautiful transparent glass. If now we mix a quantity of feldspar with kaolin, cover the mixture with a layer of feldspar, and heat the whole at a very high temperature, the feldspar will melt and communicate to the opaque clay a clearness greater or less according to the quantity of it present, and to the superficial part of it that beautiful glaze with which all are familiar. A part of the action in this process is chemical, and consists in the production of a new crystalline silicate formed by a combination of all the substances present. The discovery of porcelain in China is traced back to a high antiquity. The Chinese have certainly made it regularly for at least a thousand years; many authors fix the discovery at fifteen hundred or eighteen hundred years ago, but no evidence exists to justify our going back further than a thousand years. The first pieces that came to Europe were probably brought by the Venetians at the end of the thirteenth century. Charles VII., king of France, received a present of Chinese porcelains about the middle of the fifteenth century from the sultan of Babylon; but it was not till the sixteenth century that the importation of these Oriental products by Portuguese and Dutch merchants assumed a real importance.

Saving a Prince.

There was a time when the loca manners at Brighton had a rough pleasantness about them corresponding with the primitive simplicity of the place. When Miles (or Smoaker, as the Prince of Wales, and therefore everybody, called him) was chief bathing man, he once saw his royal highness swimming too far, as Miles thought, out at sea. Miles hailed "Mr. Prince" to come back. The prince struck further out. Thereupon Smoaker dashed in after him and brought his royal highness back by the ear, exclaiming as he thus towed the princely freight, "I aren't a-goen to let the king hang me for letten the Prince of Wales drown hisself: not I, to please nobbudy, I can tell 'e." The prince forgave the act in consideration of its motive. In remembrance of it he founded the Smoaker stakes; and when they were first run for in 1806 the prince, of course, won the race with his own horse Albion.—*Belgravia.*

One of the sweetest-looking girls in the State of Missouri dislocated her shoulder the other day by kicking a cat. Beauty is a mighty deceiving thing, young man.

The True Romance of Pocahontas.

From her first meeting with Smith she became devotedly attached to the English, and rendered the settlers many services. She often secured supplies for them, and indeed seems to have haunted the fort, utterly naked as she was, after the manner of little girls among her people, who wore no clothes and showed no modesty until they were twelve or thirteen years of age, at which time they put on a deer-skin apron, and were very careful not to be seen without it. The agile little barbarian would persuade the English lads to make wheels of themselves by turning upon their hands and feet, whereupon she would follow them, wheeling as they did, all through the fort.

Her real name was Matoax; but, by order of Powhatan, this was carefully concealed from the whites, lest by their supernatural enchantments they should work her some harm. When Richard Wyffin was sent from Jamestown to apprise the endangered Captain Smith, environed by foes among Powhatan's people, of the death of his deputy, Mr. Scrivener, and his ten companions, by drowning, Pocahontas hid him, misdirected those who sought him, and, by extraordinary bribes and manœuvers, brought him safely to Smith after three days' travel in the midst of extreme peril. So, also, when Ratcliffe was cut off with thirty men, she saved the lad Spilman, who was then living with Powhatan, and sent him to the Potomacs. But the most touching story of all precedes in order of time the other two. In the same difficult adventure among Powhatan's people, in which Captain Smith was engaged when Scrivener was drowned, the treacherous chief had arranged to surprise Smith at supper, and cut off the whole party, when Pocahontas, the "dearest jewel and daughter" of the aged chief, "in that dark night came through the irksome woods" to warn the captain of Powhatan's design. Captain Smith offered to repay her kindness with such trinkets as the heart of an Indian maiden delights in; "but, with the tears running down her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen to have any, for, if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead; and so she ran away by herself as she came."

In 1613 Pocahontas was among the Potomac Indians. Captain Argall, a man of much shrewdness and executive force, but infamous for his dishonest practices, happened to be trading in the river at that time. He quickly saw the advantage the English would gain in negotiations with Powhatan for the return of the white prisoners held by him, if he could secure so valuable a hostage as the chief's daughter. With a copper kettle he bribed Japazaws, the chief with whom she was staying, to entice her on board the vessel, where he detained her, much to the sorrow of the daughter of the wilderness, whose life hitherto had been as free as that of the wild creatures of the woods. To Jamestown, where she had frolicked as a child, and whither she had so often come as a friend with food, she was now carried as an enemy and a prisoner. She had refused to enter the town since the departure of Captain Smith.

This transaction, not very creditable to the gratitude of the English, accomplished its purpose in causing Powhatan to return the white men held in slavery by him, with the least useful of the stolen arms. But he still contrived to evade some of the demands of the English, who therefor retained his daughter until the affair took a new turn. John Rolfe, who seems to have been a widower, became enamored of Pocahontas, now growing to womanhood, and wrote a formal letter to Sir Thomas Dale, proposing to convert her to Christianity and marry her, which pleased the governor, as tending to promote peace with the Indians, and was likewise acceptable to Powhatan. The chief sent an old uncle of Pocahontas and two of her brothers to witness the marriage.

This marriage brought about peace during the life of Powhatan, who, on one occasion at least, sent a present of buckskins to his daughter and her husband. A free intermingling of the two races took place, and Englishmen were accustomed to hire Indians to live in their houses and hunt for them. This amity lasted eight years.

In 1616, more than two years after their marriage, Rolfe and Pocahontas went to England with Sir Thomas Dale. Powhatan sent some Indians with his daughter, one of whom was commissioned to count the number of the English. The arrival of the Lady Rebecca, as Pocahontas was called after her baptism, produced a great sensation. She was received by the king and many distinguished people, went to see a play, and, by help of her natural quick wit, bore herself very well. But it became necessary to desist from calling her the wife of John Rolfe, for the king was very jealous, and it was seriously debated in the privy council whether, by marrying the daughter of a foreign potentate without the king's consent, Rolfe had not committed treason.

The climate of London, and perhaps also the uncongenial habits of civilization, affected Pocahontas very unfavorably, and she was taken to Brentford, where Smith, then busy with his preparations to sail for New England, visited her. In the successful efforts of Rolfe and others to win her to the Christian faith and to marriage, they had not scrupled to deceive her, by telling her that Captain Smith was dead, probably because they knew she would not marry another white man while she believed that great warrior alive. When, therefore she saw the "brave" who had been the object of her maidenly admiration, she turned her face away and refused to speak for the space of two or three hours. When she did, it was to claim the privilege of calling him father, which Smith granted only after importunity, afraid, perhaps, of incurring the king's displeasure. Pocahontas went to Gravesend to take ship for her return to America, much against her will, for she had become weaned from her savage life and greatly attached to the English. At Gravesend she died of smallpox three years after her marriage, leaving one son, from whom some of the most prominent Virginia families trace their descent.—*Edward Eggleston, in the Century.*

A curiosity in the shape of a vast army of small toads was lately to be seen at Linkville, Oregon. They were migrating up Klamath river, and were so numerous that on large areas it was impossible for people to walk without stepping on them.

The first cloud that obscures the peaceful sky of an infant's existence is about the size of a man's hand.

Tiger Killing in Java.

The following is a translation of an extraordinary report published in the *Java Bode*, the chief paper of Batavia: "Yesterday, so says the *Mataram*, a newspaper at Djoodjakatra, there took place here the announced clearance among the tigers belonging to his highness, the sultan, in order to make room for a fresh supply when the new tiger pens will be built. At about 10 A. M. the sultan, the resident military commander, Assistant resident and other spectators appeared behind the Kraton and seated themselves in a grand stand constructed for the purpose. Thousands of Javanese flocked to the spot to see the combats. Soon a fight between a royal tiger and a buffalo together in a pen commenced. The tiger was several times tossed into the air and then gored to death by the buffalo, which had been made as furious as possible by peppered water, burning nettles and red-hot iron bars. The combat lasted fully two hours. Afterward began the *rampolsen* or tiger flight. On the plain alongside the Kraton stood Javanese armed with stout spears fifteen to eighteen feet long, drawn up in rows one behind the other, forming altogether an extraordinary large square. The two foremost rows lay kneeling, the two hindmost stood erect. In the center of this open space were thirteen straw-roofed rooden pens, in each of which was a tiger. At a given signal a musical instrument called the *gamelan* begins playing a martial air to slow measure. Three tiger keepers then step out of the ranks and approach the cage. Two of them bear each a burning torch, with which they set fire to the straw. The tiger, frightened by the shower of sparks, is then forced out into the open space, but knows not whither to turn. It moves around and seeks whither it can find an outlet, until it endeavors either by a desperate spring to get away over the human wall which keeps it inclosed or tries to creep through underneath. But it falls pierced by the many spears which have struck it. It utters a savage cry, which is drowned by the applause and shouts of the multitude. In silent agony it strikes around furiously with its mighty paws. The shafts of the spears often break like glass. In such cases a single blow might cost the life of any unfortunate within reach of its claws. It is afterward killed in due form. This scene took place in the same way thirteen times successively with as many tigers, the festivity closing at 2 P. M. Only a few accidents occurred. One soldier, by ill luck, received a spear thrust when combating with a tiger, and was severely wounded in the leg. A native received a bite when one of the tigers broke through the square and was killed outside it, after causing great commotion among the spectators. An affecting scene presented was that of a large tigress bringing forth a cub while she was being slain."

The Virtues of Coffee.

The action of coffee is directed chiefly to the nervous system. It produces a warming, cordial impression on the stomach, quickly followed by a diffused, agreeable and nervous excitement, which extends itself to the cerebral functions, giving rise to increased vigor of imagination and intellect, without any subsequent confusion or stupor such as is characteristic of narcotics. Coffee contains essential principles of nutrition far exceeding in importance its exhilarating properties, and is one of the most desirable articles for sustaining the system in certain prostrating diseases. As compared with the nutrition to be derived from the best of soups, coffee has decidedly the advantage, and is to be preferred in many instances. The medicinal effects of coffee are very great. In intermittent fever

The Centre Reporter.

FRED KURTZ ..... EDITOR

CENTRE HALL, PA., Nov. 9 1882

If our stalwart friends would like to put a new boss in command, let them give the False Prophet of Egypt a call, who is now sweeping down from the Soudan with his hord.

The cutter Corwin, just arrived from an extended cruise in the Arctic, found at St. Lawrence bay over 100 decomposed bodies of natives. The survivors said the mortality was caused by starvation. The Corwin reports a cutter at Point Barrow signal station. Lieutenant Ray made a sledge journey of one hundred miles eastward, and discovered an unknown river, supposed to be as large as the Missouri.

Oregon is falling into line on the question of woman suffrage. The Legislature of the State began the battle two years ago by passing a resolution to amend the constitution as to allow them to vote. The present General Assembly has just ratified its action. Previous to the submission of the question to the people. If the amendment carries Oregon will have the honor of being the first State in the Union to extend to full and equal suffrage the election of officers for all departments of the government. It is surprising that an experiment of the kind should be first attempted in the region which is on the skirmish line of civilization; but it should not be for long. Only two hundred years or so ago the experiment in government which is now covered with ridicule was initiated by the New England coast. It may be that it is the New England of the twentieth century.

Intelligence from Washington—the re-trial of the star-route cases—is to the effect that counsel are preparing for that Judge Wylie as presiding judge will prevent his from packing the jury. Should a trial of the cases be had in December. They hope to have it for the purpose through Chief-Justice Waite, who controls the assignments of members of the District Court. The ground of complaint in the last trial Judge Wylie showed his partiality for the defendants and that he is now still further to the front impartially. Fear of the power and independence of the movement. Has been unquestioned but was made long ago as when he granted the habeas corpus in the Boorratt case in the face of the public indignation and the House. He has lived to receive general commendation for that act. Ample pecuniary means and stability of character place him above the necessity, as is the case with the above desire, of clinging to the favor of the rich or powerful. The conspirators and their attorneys have gone about depositing him with singular shrewdness. Chief Justice Carter has for years been a substitute for a place on the United States Supreme Bench. He is also susceptible to adroit flattery. Both of these weaknesses have been humored. Ingersoll and his associates have employed Buenedo and hinted at Administration favors, and coddled the Chief Justice with such skill that they really hope for success. It is in the power of the Chief Justice to make new assignments at any time, so if Judge Wylie were sent to some other court for winter that act in itself would not violate precedent or propriety. For all that he has already been assigned to the criminal term. Judge McArthur is supposed to be the choice of the conspirators for the coming December trial.

The Iowa prohibitory amendment has been decided by the District court, at Davenport as not having been legally made a part of Constitution, on account of certain omissions in the journals of the Legislature.

In another column we publish the letter of Gov. Hoyt giving good bye to the bosses and severely denouncing boss methods. It only confirms what is patent to every intelligent man, that no one can hold place and have the favor of Cameron and his few henchmen unless he submits to their dictation and does their bidding like an abject slave. Gov. Hoyt expresses the humiliating fact that he had to yield to their demands but has determined to do so no longer and for the short balance of his term has resolved to be governor himself. This is a humiliating confession, but it is far better that the governor frankly made it than to submit in silence, and keep the facts hidden from the four millions of people whose chief executive he is.

Gov. Hoyt's letter forcibly sets out boss rule and gives the people of Pennsylvania to understand in plain language, what boss rule means.

The Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company declared a semi-annual dividend of 4½ per cent. upon the capital stock of the company out of the profits, and payable clear of State taxes on and after November 29, 1882, to shareholders as they stood registered on the books at 3 P. M., October 31, of which amount 2½ per cent. will be paid in cash and 2 per cent. in scrip, redeemable in cash upon its delivery or convertible into capital stock of the company if presented in sums of fifty dollars previous to February 1 1883.

Gen. Beaver has struck a bonanza—he is now gratified in his wish and can stay at Bellefonte with his little boys, without it costing him $10,000.

A package was received at the treasury department, Washington, last week, containing $950,000 in government bonds, bequeathed by a Hoboken, N. Y., miser, named Joseph L. Lewis, to assist in extinguishing the public debt. The case has been before the courts of N. Y. for some time, a claim having been set up for the estate by a woman, who alleged that she was the wife of the testator. It was decided, however that she was an impostor and that the money belonged to the government. The bonds have been temporarily deposited in the loan division of the treasury department to await the return of Secretary Folger or his successor. When they have been formally turned over to the secretary of the treasury the bonds will be cancelled and destroyed, thus wiping out nearly a million dollars of the public debt.

The esteemed President of the Girard College died without the presence of a ministerial friend by reason of the provision of Stephen Girard's will forbidding any ecclesiastic, missionary or minister of any sect ever to be admitted "for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said College."

Ill deeds, like chickens, come home to roost. It is said that Cetywayo was visited by a deputation who urged him to discourage the use of intoxicants in Zululand and he replied that his people were so vicious, that he had no distillers, and that where liquor was used it was forced into his country by Christian English. So, says the "Christian at Work," it is England Christianity that needs reforming rather than Zulu Paganism.

Gov. Hoyt Comes Out Against Beaver.

A Severe Letter Against the Bosses.

[From the Morning Patriot, 4 inst.]

Information reached the Patriot yesterday afternoon that Governor Hoyt had written a letter to Wharton Barker, esq., of Philadelphia, in which, over his own signature, he publicly declared for and gave reasons for supporting the independent republican movement. Early last evening a Patriot reporter was dispatched to the executive mansion and being granted an interview with His Excellency the following conversation ensued:

"Governor, is it true that you have written a letter to Wharton Barker in which you denounce bossism?"

"Yes, sir; it is. It is absolutely true," was the reply.

The reporter was then furnished a copy of the letter for publication, it having been carefully revised, by his excellency, as follows:

Harrisburg, Pa., November 3, ——To *Wharton Barker esq., Philadelphia:*

Adhering to the accepted traditions of our people, I must decline, while holding a public office, essentially non-partisan, to take any part in a distinctive political meeting. This point of propriety, which need not be urged, will forbid my acceptance of your invitation to preside over the assembly of independent republicans at Horticultural hall, in Philadelphia, to-night.

If I understand the object of this gathering of careful and judicious citizens, it is to give effect to certain convictions affecting the political welfare of the state. It is the assertion of the inherent right of the freemen of the republic to declare the proper aims and ends of public conduct, and to proclaim their own motives and purposes. This right inheres in every individual and in every assembly. A political party is a voluntary association, and in no sense does its right to exist depend upon its numerical size or upon the accident of its including the mere brute force of a "majority."

When standing room is no longer allowed to the members of the political party with a margin for self respect; when its lines become simply coterminous with the limits of some usurping dynasty; when in all the space between abject submission and rebellion, no place is given for appeal, argument or protest, revolution is an appropriate remedy. All proud and generous minds will resist the imposition of serfdom, and will leave to "vineals" and retainers their badge of servitude to the intruding feudal system. Any characterization of those engaged in this movement which flippantly classes them as "scoreheads" and "kickers," mistakes the rating of Pennsylvania manhood. There is an undeniable justification for your uprising. Its grounds are open and plain to the people, whether accepted or not.

This the tens of thousands of the best instructed, most conscientious and spirited citizens who have joined in this method of uprooting intolerable public wrongs, attest; other tens of thousands of such citizens sympathize with you and only doubt whether your heroic surgery is the best treatment. For myself I had not seen my way clear enough to act with you. I had expected to drift along giving the republican ticket a formal support, and have done so. I have to friends here maintained that attitude until now. At this late day I am fully advised of the methods of vengeance being contrived for those now considered in revolt; some of these rebels, may most of them, are among the most courageous spirits in the state. They know the humiliation it costs proud men to have masters; their moral power crushed out in repeated calls to surrender to the gross demands of those who only see in party success the means of patronage distribution, and that made in the interest of personal power.

When I reflect upon the humiliation put upon myself as Chief Magistrate for resisting some of the purposes of the iron domination which puts politics above administrative propriety, and when I reflect upon the force of the insulting methods applied to myself by means of threats, intrigue, and bad faith, I realize some of Cardinal Woolsey's regrets that he "had only served his God with half the zeal he had his King."

In the name of decency and in behalf of my successor I wish to emphasize the curse of the whole business, and sound a note of warning to the whole people. Self-respect compels me to this avowal. Nor will peace and reform ever come until the moral forces in politics which you have organized prevail. If their courage be added to their conviction, the masses of voters will promptly rally to your standards and aid you to an overwhelming success; and such is the duty of the voters of Pennsylvania. The logic of the situation which confronts you, and which confronts the elector of the state, demands a speedy decision and final result. With such a triumphant outcome the republican voters at least will have rescued their party from present peril and from future outrages. Thus, no revenges will be left outstanding, for no revenges will be possible. Brutal schemes of slaughter, now contemplated, will be abandoned, and the fictional stiletto and the guillotine, now prepared for "bolters" and "rebels," will not be put to their intended use.

In the future the halls of the Lochiel House, at Harrisburg, will no longer resound with the tread of claquers hastily sent to summon self-respecting and honorable delegates of the people to a base submission to "slated" tickets and pre-arranged programes, threatened with ostracism in case of non-compliance, or sent home dishonored to face the angry constituents whom they have betrayed, and thus will be dethroned the power before which have been compelled to bow all who have sought honors or promotion at the hands of republican conventions. With your ultimate success will have been made an exhibition or moral courage in our state and the reaping of beneficial results from peaceful methods, which shall more grandly than ever demonstrate the capacity of the people for self-government. In making this declaration I have no disposition to disavow any share I individually may have had in the partisan methods against which the independent movement is not only a revolt, but a revolution. I am simply conscious that I utter thoughts and feelings which stir to their depths the minds and hearts of thousands in this great commonwealth.

(Signed) HENRY M. HOYT.

"Do you mean by this that you will support Senator Stewart?" asked the inquisitive scribe.

"That is the implication, isn't it? was the reply.

"Is it certainly is," said the reporter, "but do you mean that you have come out in support of Senator Stewart?" was again asked.

"That is just what I mean by the letter. That is the object of it. It was written to Mr. Barker to be read at the independent meeting in Horticultural hall, Philadelphia, to night, you know, and of course that was the information it meant to convey."

After a few remarks on general matters the reporter thanked the Governor for his information and withdrew.

When the truth of the letter became generally known last evening, it caused a general howl of indignation among the "stalwarts," and the governor was roundly denounced in anything but pleasant epithets. Among the independents it was, of course, smilingly received and it was far from being distasteful to the democracy, for it was looked upon as a disastrous bomb thrown into the stalwart camp. Some enthusiastic independents claimed it would add twenty thousand to their strength.

It was claimed late last night by some of the stalwarts that private letters were in their possession, written by the Governor, in which he previously took opposite views and that they would now be presented to the public.

A BLOODY BATTLE.

Cincinnati, Nov. 1.—A Lexington, Ky., special says: The troops guarding Neal and Craft while on their way to the steamer Granite State were attacked by a mob. The soldiers fired and several were killed and wounded of the attacking party. The prisoners and troops got safely on board, when the mob seized a train and headed off the boat at Ashland, Ky., where another attack was made. The troops returned the fire, and again a number of the mob was killed and wounded. So far as known only three of the soldiers were wounded and they but slightly. Private dispatches received here place the number of killed at five and wounded at thirty.

GREAT OIL SYNDICATE.

One of the Most Gigantic Bull Movements on Record.

Titusville, Nov. 1.—One of the greatest bullish syndicates ever organized and known to the oil trade was consummated to day, by the parties concerned signing the necessary documents. The scheme is to enroll all the leading producers in the oil country to discontinue the drill for six months from date, to 1st of May, 1883. Among the largest producers who are forwarding this scheme to completion are McKinney & Co., Union Oil Company, Tidewater Pipe Company, John J. Carter, H. B. Porter and others. All the parties concerned are determined men and will carry the scheme into successful execution.

The report of oil operators for October is ready and is fully as bullish as was anticipated by the trade. It shows that at the close of the month there were in the entire field 128 rigs up and building, against 176 the month previous, and 169 wells drilling against 125 in September. The increase in the drilling wells is undoubtedly due to the better prices for petroleum causing a partial resumption of operators. The number of wells completed during October was 116, with a production of 1962 barrels per day, against 170 wells and 4349 barrels production in September, the falling off being in great part caused by the sudden collapse of Cherry Grove, though there is undoubtedly a gradual decline in all the oil fields. The fact that twenty dry holes were found indicates that the wild operator has been seeking new fields or testing the outer edges of the defined territory. But eighteen wells were completed in the Bradford field, with a production of 319 barrels, an increase of 4 wells and a decrease of sixteen barrels production.

Alleghany comes to the front with an increase of sixteen wells and 183 barrels production as compared with September, and is the only field showing an increase in both wells and production. Although considerable activity has been displayed in Baldbridge, Butler county, and Cranberry, Venango county, the output has only been increased 225 barrels against 298 in September. Cherry Grove completed thirty-nine wells, most of which were drilled in September, and only added 515 barrels against the yield the previous month of 3,296 barrels. There are thirty-one wells drilling in that field, many of which are not expected to pay the cost of putting down. Both Bradford and Alleghany are pretty thoroughly drilled, and little will be done in the immediate future in those sections at the present price of oil.

WIDOW'S RIGHTS.

An Interesting Case Decided by the Supreme Court.

In an opinion just filed in the Supreme Court, now sitting at Pittsburg, by Justice Trunkey, some interesting law is laid down concerning the right of a widow who marries again to participate in the estate of her deceased husband. Henry Venus of Shrewsbury, York county, was a widower with six children, and pretty well advanced in years, when, in 1873, he married Euphema Webb, a maiden lady of about forty-five summers. Venus had accumulated some estate, and it was said that the newly made wife was about as well off as himself. They lived together until the 23d of August, 1873, when Venus died. His six children had never taken kindly to their stepmother, and had objected to the marriage before it took place. Whether they were afraid that she would take a big slice of their father's estate, or whether they were angry that the marriage should have occurred only three months after the death of the mother, is a disputed question. However, after Venus' death the widow made application for $300 exemption in money, besides claiming an exclusive one-third of the estate, Venus having died intestate. The children contested the claim of their stepmother, and the matter went before the auditor, who was subsequently sustained by the York county court. The children claimed before the auditors that an antenuptial contract had been made between the decedent and his widow by which it was agreed that in case of the death of either the other was not to participate in any degree in such decedent's estate, which was to go to the legal heirs of the latter. This agreement was denied by the widow, who, in the meantime had married Mr. Hunt. The auditor held that the ante-nuptial contract had been made out by the testimony produced, and he therefore distributed the balance of Venus' estate among the children of the latter in equal shares. It was also held that the widow had forfeited her claim for $300 exemption by demanding money when she was only entitled to articles of personal estate belonging to the decedent, there being no money, and also, that having re-married she was not the widow of the decedent within the spirit and the act of April, 1851. Justice Trunkey, in his opinion, agrees with the auditor and the lower court in their findings relative to the widow's claim for $300 under the act of April 14, 1851. As to the ante-nuptial contract, however, the justice holds that clear and convincing proof of such a contract should be shown. As the children were supporters of the supposed contract, it was their duty to prove it by more than slightly preponderating testimony. The judgment of the lower court upon this point was, therefore, reversed, and one-third of the estate awarded to Mrs. Hunt.

SIX PERSONS KILLED.

A Mob's Fire on a Sheriff's Party Returned With Frightful Effect,

Huntington, W. Va., Nov. 1, 1882—William Neal and Ellis Craft were convicted some months ago at Catlettsburg, Boyd county, Ky., Circuit Court, of the murder of Robert and Fannie Gibbons and Emma Carrier. They were granted a new trial by the Supreme Court. Geo. Ellis, an accomplice, who confessed and was sentenced to imprisonment for life, was hanged by a mob at Ashland last summer. On Monday last Neal and Craft, guarded by 220 State troops with one section of Artillery, arrived at Catlettsburg from Lexington, where they have been for safe keeping, to stand trial. Yesterday Judge Brown granted a change of venue to Carter county. Last night a mob at Ashland stopped a train on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad and searched it for the prisoners.

This afternoon at half-past two o'clock Sheriff Kounts, with the State troops and prisoners, boarded the steamer Granite State for Maysville, intending to go thence by rail to Lexington to the jail to confine the prisoners until trial. The mob at Ashland, which is five miles down the river to Catlettsburg, seized a ferryboat and stood out to intercept them. The Granite State under full headway steamed around the ferryboat, when, seeing they were about to lose their prey, the mob opened fire, which was returned by the troops with a fatal effect.

The ferryboat party finding the troops were in earnest withdrew, when one killed and several wounded. The battle was for a few minutes pretty hot, but the steamboat rapidly got away and out of range. On the shore in front of the Aldine Hotel the fire of the troops was severe, the shots passed over the ferryboat and killed five spectators and wounding twenty-one others. Among these was a woman and an infant in arms, whose brains were dashed out by a stray shot. In the midst of the excitement a runaway team and wagon dashed into the struggling mass of citizens as they fled from the murderous bullets, making the whole together making a frightful scene.

MURDERS HER THREE CHILDREN AND THEN SUICIDES.

New York, October 31.—Mrs. Seguin, aged thirty-six, wife of Dr. Edward C. Seguin, a noted specialist on diseases of the brain, shot and killed her three young children, aged six, five and four respectively, this afternoon and then killed herself, at No. 41 West Twentieth street. There is no other cause known for the terrible tragedy than insanity in the mother. Mrs. Seguin took the children into an empty spare room at the top of the five story house in the absence of her husband and when the servants were engaged in the basement, and locked herself in with them. The servants believed that they had gone out for a walk. What happened in the room will never be known; but when Dr. Amidon and Mrs. Seguin's brother called at five o'clock, and with his suspicions, aroused by the long absence of the family made a search of the house, the mother and children were found dead, all shot through the head. The childrens' hands were tied behind their backs with whip cord, they were blindfolded with handkerchiefs, and from all appearances they must have been shot while playing "blindman's buff" with their destroyer.

A FIGHT BETWEEN A PYTHON AND AN ANACONDA.

[Baltimore Special.]

At about half-past one o'clock the other morning, as the private watchman at the Dime Museum was going his rounds he had his attention attracted by unusually loud noises coming from the third story of the building. Upon hastening thither he found the python, the largest snake in captivity (seventeen feet long) in deadly combat with an anaconda, twelve feet long. How long they had been fighting the watchman did not know, but he says from the time his attention was attracted by the noises up stairs until half-past 7 o'clock, his hour for going off duty, they kept up the continuous warfare. When one would miss his aim and strike the side of the cage the sound was distinctly heard on the ground or auditorium floor. The python, after numberless bouts with his opponent, seems to have gathered all his strength for a final attack, which was made. The anaconda was ready, and placing themselves in an almost upright position they made for each other with a fearful rage. After having carried on their deadly combat for fully six hours the python made a last desperate lounge and succeeded in getting the anaconda's head in his mouth to the depth of at least three feet, and holding it in this position for some time at last commenced to coil itself around the anaconda until it actually ground and mashed the life out of it. The watchman says he never wants to witness another such a battle. He had no key to the case, and even if he had it is doubtful if he would have had the temerity to undertake to separate the reptiles.

A TORTURE AT CAIRO.

The special correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser* says that when the British forces occupied the citadel at Cairo they found tortures had been inflicted upon prisoners that were horrible in their barbarity, reminding one of the old Inquisition period. The prisoners had been beaten and racked if they could not pay money; they had been hanged up by the thumbs, by the ankles, by straps around their waists; that their bodied has been bared, the skin over the hips and legs tightened by a contrivance so ingenious that only a fiend inspired by Satan could devise it, and then the lash applied, one man making an upward blow alternately with the downward cut of another until at last the flesh in pieces was lifted from the quivering victim. Then, too, the bastinado, most horrible of all punishments, was used. I saw prisoners who could not walk, and whose feet were simply lumps of colored flesh. One, an old man, seemed to be dying. Mad with agony of pain he had endured, he dashed away from his tormentors, and, running swiftly around the mosque, he jumped thirty feet down the rampart. When he reached the bottom he lay a crushed and helpless mass below, and then they brought him back and they flogged him again on the limbs that were broken and on the bones that protruded through the flesh. The name of the brutes who perpetrated these atrocities is Suleiman Zorab Zim Pasha, a colonel in the artillery, by birth from Kantarah, by education a soldier, by nature a fiend. Colonel Knox having discovered all the facts, he called Mr. Zorab Pacha into his presence and ordered him to be manacled. They have put heavy irons on him. They screwed them tight, too, and Tommy Atkins made no endeavor to ease him of the miseries of captivity. He will probably be shot.

PASSIONLESS REFORMERS.

Influences calling themselves religious are tried, and chiefly, all honor be to them, by the evangelicals who, fill with horror at the ultimate fate of such masses, go fearlessly and perseveringly among them, preaching earnestly, if not always rationally, their special tenets. Heaven, as a material place, is still painted in the poetical terms which represented to the Oriental mind the highest spiritual happiness, and is offered as a reward to men imbued with the materialistic spirit of the age, living the coarsest and most sensual lives. Hell, as a place of physical suffering, is so often threatened that it becomes to many minds the most likely thing that they shall go there. The story is perfectly true of the clergyman who, preaching to one of these oft threatened congregations, tried to show them that sin, according to his explanation (removed from God) was hell; that the awfulness of hell did not consist in being a place where the body would be uncomfortable, but it being a state from which all good and God was absent. Walking behind some of his hearers afterward, he overheard: "Parson says there be'ant no hell, Dick. Where be you and I to go then?" Imagining feeling homeless because there is no hell! But even if the talk of hell still awakens some fear and dread, it is again only a material horror—it but exaggerates the importance of the body, and projects into an after epoch the same foolish mortal life already being led. This will not cultivate spirituality. No! religion thus materialized is a dead-letter; it will not feed the spiritual needs of the people. We have forgotten the words of the Divine Teacher about casting pearls before the swine, and the swine have turned again and rent us. As an old Cornish coachman said to me the other day in answer to a question about the services of a church which we happened to be passing, "Ay, yes, there's a great advance in church society; no doubt that, but little in spirituality somehow. The people's souls have been preached to death." The religionists have taught until the people know all and feel nothing; they have talked about religion till it palls in the hearer's ears. They have blasphemed by asking pity for our Lord's physical sufferings, when his thoughts and being were with one God; when He was exulting (as only noble souls can faintly conceive of exultation) in His finished work. Religion has been degraded by these teachers until it is difficult to gain the people's ears to hear it. I have often watched congregations who, keenly interested so long as personal narratives are told, or books discussed, relax their attention as soon as religion is reverted to, with an air which is toned in every muscle of "knowing all that." The story once humorously told by the lamented Leonard Montefiore of his experience as a Sabbath-school teacher is a little straw showing withal the way of the stream. Feeling somewhat at a loss as to what to teach, the class being a strange one, he thought he would be safe in telling them a Bible story, so he began on Moses' history, painting, as only he could paint to children's ears, the conditions of the times, making Egypt with its gorgeous palaces and age-defying temples live again; showing the Princess as a very fairy one, and letting them see through his well-cultivated mind the very age of Rameses. All went well, the children breathless with interest, until he came to the familiar incident of the little ark and the crying babe—"Oh! it's only Moses again!" cried one boy, and their interest vanished; they half felt they had been taken in, and the remainder of the lesson was a *mauvais quart d'heure—Fortnightly Review.*

WONDERS OF THE GULF STREAM.

In the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences is a remarkably fine collection of palagic animals illustrating the possibilities of wind and tide, and their effect up on the dispersal of animal life. Many of the forms are indigenous to the Gulf weed, and have become adapted to it by various modifications of structure. The tidal rivers that course through the ocean are the greatest sources of dispersal, and so thoroughly is this understood that the naturalist, by a study of one of Maury's charts, or a tidal map, can point with prophetic finger to the group of animals that will be found on the various islands and continents in the path of the current that sweeps along the unresisting young of sponges, polyps, annelids, medusæ, and other forms. The Gulf Stream is the best known of these great agencies of emigration, and and its scope and limit have been divided by Sir Wyville Thompson into two bands—one to the north and the other to the south of the equator. The northeast and southeast trade winds, reduce to meridinal direction by the eastward fractional impulse of the earth's rotation, drive before them a magnificent surface current of hot water 4,000 miles long by 450 broad, at an average rate of thirty miles a day. Off the coast of Africa, near its starting point, to the south of the islands of St Thomas and Anne Bon this equatorial current has a speed of forty miles in twenty-four hours, and a temperature of 28° C.

Increasing quickly in bulk, and spreading out more and more on both sides of the equator, it flows rapidly due west toward the coast of North America. At the east point of South America, Cape St. Rogue, the equatorial current splits in two, and one portion trends southward to deflect the isotherms of 21°, 15°, 5.10°, and 4.6° C. into the loops upon our maps, thus carrying a scrap of comfort to the Falkland Island and Cape Horn; while the northern portion follows the northeast coast of South America, gaining continually in temperature, under the influence of the tropical sun. Its speed has now increased to sixty-eight miles in twenty-four hours, and by the union with it of the waters of the River Amazon, it rises to one hundred miles (6.5 feet in a second), but it soon falls off again when it gets into the Caribbean Sea. Flowing slowly through the whole length of this sea, it reaches the Gulf of Mexico through the Strait of Yucatan, when a part of it sweeps immediately around Cuba; but the main stream having made the circuit of the Gulf of Mexico, passes through the Strait of Florida; thence it issues as the 'Gulf Stream' in a majestic current upward of thirty miles broad, 2200 feet deep, with an average velocity of four miles an hour, and a temperature of 80° Fahr. (30° C.)" The hot water pours from the strait with a decided though slight northeasterly impulse, on account of the great initial velocity. Mr. Croll calculates the Gulf Stream as equal to a stream of water fifty miles broad and a thousand feet deep, flowing at a rate of four miles an hour, consequently conveying 5 575,680 000,000 cubic feet per hour, or 138,816,320,000,000 cubic feet per day. This mass of water has a mean temperature of 10° C. As it passes out of the Gulf and on its northern journey it is cooled down to 4° 5. thus losing heat to the amount of 13° 5 C. The total quantity of heat, therefore, transferred from the equatorial regions per day amounts to something like 154 959,300,000,000,000,000 foot-pounds.

This is nearly equal to the whole of the heat received from the sun by the Arctic regions, and reduced by a half to avoid all possibility of exaggeration, it is still equal to one-fifth of the whole amount received from the sun by the entire area of the North Atlantic. The Gulf Stream, as it issues from the Strait of Florida and expands into the ocean on its northward course, is probably the most glorious natural phenomenon on the face of the earth. The water is of a clear crystalline transparency and an intense blue, and long after is has passed into the open sea it keeps itself apart, easily distinguished by its warmth, its color and its clearness; and with its edges so sharply defined that a ship may have her stem in the clear blue stream while her stern is still in the common water of the ocean.—*Evening Post.*

Details of the troubles in Khartoum are to the effect that the False Prophet, at the head of the whole able-bodied population of Soudan, reinforced by some cannibal tribes of Central Africa, has utterly defeated Abd-el-Kader and Geigler, the Egyptian Governors, in seven sanguinary pitched battles. The Egyptian loss in killed and wounded was 8,000, with all their arms, including 5,000 Remingtons. The remnant of the Egyptian army took refuge in Khartoum, and is now besieged there. All the provinces south of that city are lost to Egypt. News of the capture of Khartoum is daily expected. The False Prophet now permits the pouring of boiling tallow into the eyes and ears of his captives and otherwise fiendishly tortures them. His man-eaters in some cases actually devour their prisoners for refusing to recognize him as the true prophet and Khalif. Dr Schweinfurth says that there is a movement for the real revival of Islam, comprising Afghanistan and Morocco, and the doctor is confident that the movement will embrace Khartoum. The False Prophet's abherents increase like wildfire, and the prophet himself is said to be marching toward Cairo.

THE FRUITS OF MERIT.

Dr. Hartman & Co.—Please send me a lot of your books on the "Ills of Life." I sell a great deal of your Peruna and Manalin. They are very highly spoken of in this part of the country.

F. H. Bussman, P. M., Westford, Pa.

Dear Sir: I have taken a half a dozen bottles of your Peruna and I find it is doing me great good. Yours truly,

James Wyatt, Steubenville, Ohio.

It is a great mistake to destroy harmless snakes. They are great feeders on destructive insects, and very useful in the field and garden. The foolish dread of them entertained by many otherwise sensible people is sometimes to be ashamed of.

REGISTERS NOTICES.—The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in the office for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors, and all others in any way interested and will be presented to the orphans court of Centre county, on Wednesday, the 29th day of November A. D. 1882, for allowance and confirmation

1st. The account of E. M. Lucas, administrator of &c. of G. W. Peters, late of Union township, deceased.

2d. The second and final account of J H. Holt, guardian of Elmer Reed, a minor child of Electa Reed, late of Marion township, deceased.

3d. Account of Emanuel Pletcher, administrator of &c. of Barbara Pletcher, late of Liberty township, deceased.

4th The first and final account of Mitchell Bricker and Scott Bricker, administrators *de bonis non cum testamento annexo* of &c. of John C. Bricker, late of Harris township, deceased.

5th The first and final account of Edwin H. Marshall, one of the administrators of &c of James Crust, late of Patton township, deceased.

6. The account of Geo. Emerick, guardian of Caroline Fraze, one of the minor children of Mrs. Daniel Frazer, late of Potter twp, deceased.

7. The account of John Shannon, executor of &c. of Robert Lee, late of Potter twp, deceased, as filed by Samuel J. Herring, his administrator.

8. The account of John Shannon, one of the executors of &c. of John R Taylor, late of Gregg township, deceased, as filed by Samuel J. Herring, his administrator.

9. The account of John Shannon, administrator of &c, of S. S. Farner, late of Potter township, dec'd, as filed by Samuel J. Herring, his administrator

10. The account of John Shannon, administrator of &c, of Daniel Stover, late of Potter twp, deceased, as filed by Samuel J. Herring, his administrator.

11. The account of John Rishel, guardian of Ida M. Love, a minor child of John Love, late of Potter township, deceased.

12. Account of Thomas Hosterman, administrator of &c, of Sam'l Meyer, late of Millheim borough, deceased, as filed by Thos. W Hosterman and Chas. W. Hosterman, his executors.

13. The account of Israel Confer, administrator of &c, of David Tidow, late of Millheim borough, dec'd.

14. Account of L W. Munson, administrator of &c, of Mary Ann Runk, late of Philipsburg boro., dec'd.

15 Account of David Asharer, guardian of &c, of Thomas and Edgar Jodon, et al, minor children of Wm. Jodon, dec'd.

16 Account of A. C. Ripka, administrator of &c, of Henrietta Ripka, late of Potter twp, dec'd.

17. The fourth partial account of Joseph Baker, surviving trustee and executor of &c, of Martin Houser, late of Harris twp. dec'd.

18. Account of L B. Stover, administrator of &c, of Lena Delba, late of Miles twp. dec'd.

19. Account of Sam'l Goss, guardian of &c, of Thomas, Mary and Robert Bollinger, minor children of Rebecca Bollinger, late of Ferguson twp, dec'd.

20 The first partial account of Samuel Franck, surviving executor of &c, of Christian Gramley, late of Miles township, deceased.

21. The third and final account of Samuel Gilliland, guardian of James E. Johnston, a minor child of Alexander and Ellen Johnston, late of Harris township deceased

22 The second and final account of C. H. and W. F Holt, administrators of &c, of Wm. Holt, late of Snow Shoe twp, deceased, as filed by W. F. Holt.

23. The first and partial account of Wm. E Irwin, administrator of &c, of George H. Zeigler, late of Philipsburg boro. deceased.

24 The second and final account of James C. Weaver and Susan Weaver, administrators of &c. of David Weaver, late of Bellefonte boro. deceased.

JAMES A. M'CLAIN, Register.

POLITICAL DUELS IN ITALY.

A trial is pending in Genoa, which will, if continued, illustrate one side of Italian manners and customs not altogether edifying. When the King and Queen visited Genoa it was rumored that the Internationalists had planned a repetition of the Passanante assault. The Ministers and Prefect were alarmed, the citizens indignant; for they felt that the honor of Genoa was at stake, and eighty young men of all ranks—aristocrats, merchants and shopkeepers—offered themselves as a special body-guard to their Majesties. On the day of the entrance the offer was declined, but during the visit the said eighty escorted the carriage, were received at Court, and performed their volunteer services to the last.

The *Popolo*, a democratic paper of small repute, not only cast ridicule on the young men, calling them lackeys and other opprobrious titles, but also insulted the objects of their homage. The eighty cast lots, and sent three challenges to the office of the *Popolo*. All were accepted. B. fought G., wounding him in the arm. V. and G. had the affair arranged by their seconds, as they had long been friends. Two other duels took place with slight consequences, and it was hoped that the affair was ended.

Meanwhile, Cavalatti, the poet, wrote a scathing satire on "The Eighty," and as he has fought over twenty duels—four in one week, in Bologna, wounding all his adversaries—it was expected that some fresh episode would occur on that score. But meanwhile Marco Gibelli, nephew of Bixio, one of "The Eighty," challenged Bruto Parodi, one of the writers of the *Popolo*, on his own account.

Bruto, observing that he had on the morrow to fight another man, sent in his stead R., an ex-cavalry sergeant. Gibelli refused the substitute, and Bruto, recovering from his wound in the duel which took place on the following day, returned to his duties at the Post Office. Gibelli went to his office, insulted him, slapped his face, and insisted on fighting him. Bruto, who could not come from behind the Post Office window to return the blow, did so on another occasion. Gibelli struck him on the head, and now in his turn refused to fight.

On this the partisans of Bruto hissed Gibillo through the streets as a "coward" and an "assassin." Gibelli's father called his son, and said, "Whether you be right or wrong, I know not; you must fight or leave Genoa." Gibelli, who had only declined the duel to cast further odium on his adversary, instantly sent his seconds to Bruto Parodi, who chose pistols—three shots apiece—leave to take aim and twenty-five paces distance.

The affair had become so notorious that the parties, thinking it possible that the police would interfere, set off with their seconds for Monaco. Gibelli fired, taking an aim, and missed. Bruto's pistol went without his having time to aim, but he said: "It is well; the shot counts." This Gibelli would not allow, and, after a long altercation between the seconds, Bruto's pistol was reloaded. He aimed, fired, and his adversary fell, wounded through both lungs. He was taken in a carriage to Mentone, and there expired of hemorrhage fifteen hours afterward, his father and mother arriving after his death.

As the duel was not fought on Italian soil, it is held by some that, as of course the family will not bring an action, the Government can do nothing. Public opinion is most decidedly in favor of the duel and of duelling in general; and, given this, and so interpreted by Gibelli's own father, the tragedy was inevitable.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Why be weak? Why not be healthy, robust, and strong, by using Brown's Iron Bitters?

Personal.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic or suffering from any of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you a fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath, health and comfort.

In short they cure all Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Try Hop Bitters to-day. (10)

Benson's —AWARDED— Capcine & Porous —MEDALS.— Plaster.

The Best Known Remedy for

Backache or Lame Back.
Rheumatism or Lame Joints.
Cramps or Sprains.
Neuralgia or Kidney Diseases.
Lumbago, Severe Aches or Pains
Female Weakness.

Are Superior to all other Plasters.
Are Superior to Pads.
Are Superior to Liniments.
Are Superior to Ointments or Salves.
Are superior to Electricity or galvanism
They Act Immediately.
They Strengthen.
They Soothe.
They Relieve Pain at Once.
They Positively Cure.

CAUTION: Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters have been imitated. Do not allow your druggist to palm off some other plaster having a similar sounding name. See that the word is spelled C-A-P-C-I-N-E. Price 25 cts.

SEABURY & JOHNSON, Manufacturing Chemists, New York

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25c. A HEAD and NEURALGIA and BUNION PLASTER

A1 WANAMAKER'S

Visitors to Philadelphia are invited to visit the store, whether to see or to buy. Your parcels are checked; a waiting-room is provided, where you may rest with ladies and children; guides conduct you through the house, or you wander at will; there are many things of interest to see, and a welcome.

For two years, perhaps, we have had the richest, largest, most varied and most exhaustive collection of dress-goods in Philadelphia. Before that, we may have had the largest, and even the most exhaustive, but perhaps not the richest. The slowest trade to come to a new merchant is the trade of luxury. It is the slowest to change from one to another. But it does change.

We may say our dress-goods of all sorts are at about their highest now.

Second and third circles, south east from center.

Silks of all sorts have come; and never were silks more acceptable. And these words have a meaning here beyond any they could have elsewhere; because of the greater variety of wants that look to us for supply. We must have all accepted styles, and all the approved qualities of those styles; and, as to colors, can you think of one that we can do without?

A store that has only one class of trade can get along with comparatively few silks. Which stock would you rather buy out of?

Next outer circle, south entrance to main building.

Two damask towels at 15 and 18 cents may serve to show what we gain by buying of the makers. The very same towels are in the wholesale trade in New York at about 21 and 22 cents, which means at least 25 cents at retail.

We are not going to say that all our retail prices are below New York wholesale; nothing of the sort. "More than one swallow to make a summer." But where such towels are to be got for 15 cents is a good place to look for bed and table-linen, and all the other linens. That's what we mean exactly; it's true, too.

Outer circle, City hall square entrance.

A very wide and surprisingly good navy-blue twilled flannel for 50

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa., Nov. 9, 1882.

FRED KURTZ, ... Editor.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2 50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.

Two Large Store Rooms

—Full of—

Fall and Winter Goods,

"Latest stytes and fancies"

Beats Centre Co.—Easy

Prices talk for themselves.

COME and SEE US.

WHITMER & CO.

Spring Mills, Pa.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Good morning, Governor Pattison.

HIDES WANTED, at the Centre Hall tan-yard, for which the highest cash price will be paid, by C Sheffler. 26oct4t

——The Union church at Farmer's Mills, is to be entirely remodelled by the Luth. and Ref. congregations.

——At Harrisburg eggs are thirty-five cents per dozen, and Don Cameron the only man who can afford to eat them.

——If you follow the crowd it will lead you right into the boot and shoe store of Doll & Mingle's, which is the place where all go who want to save money in boots and shoes.

Why suffer from a state of ill health? Why be troubled with dyspepsia? Brown's Iron Bitters will cure you.

——Rev. D. J. Mitterling has received a unanimous call from the Nevada, Stark Co., Ohio, Lutheran charge, and accepted.

——Dinges new stock of fall and winter goods is all the talk for miles around. Every one that makes a purchase feels pleased and is satisfied he has a bargain.

——Maj. Fisher, of Penn Hall, gave the REPORTER a call, the other day. Also Prof. Meyer, rep. elect.

——Thursday, Nov. 30th, has been designated as a day of public Thanksgiving by President Arthur.

——Ladies if you want the latest style dress goods go to Dinges, the bargain store, and you will see the finest dress goods in the county. Don't delay this.

Produce, all kinds, wanted at the Penns Valley bargain store, where the highest prices are allowed for it. Farmers make a note of this fact, and try Dinges on produce.

——Five valuable horses, the property of G. W. Stewart, of Spruce Creek, were killed by a train of cars on the P. R. R. last Thursday morning. The animals were put in a field to graze the night previous but broke out and strayed on the track. Mr. Stewart's loss will reach $800. He is at present absent in the west.

——No use denying it, said a Millesburg lady, the other day, Powers & Son sell cheap shoes, have a fine article, and better goods than you find at most of places. She never thinks of buying elsewhere—Powers' is always ahead and good enough for her. She has learned a thing or two in her life-time.

——The case of Uriah Moyer was up before the board of pardons last week. After the arguments of the counsel, the board held a short session and decided not to interfere, so that Moyer will be hanged. He will be executed upon the same scaffold upon which his brother was hanged. Erb's case was held under advisement.

——Let every Salt river emigrant be of good cheer—cheap clothing at the Philad. Branch can be had all the same as before,—the result of the election did not effect the prices, and bargains in men's and boys' suits and good overcoats are offered beyond competition.

——James Sullivan, of Erie, victimized his boarding house mistress, a widow, by pretending that he wished to marry her. He got his board for nothing, swindled the poor lone female out of considerable money and fled. That's just what some fellows will do, get married so as to have board free.

——Call at Doll & Mingles and see how large their assortment of boots and shoes is. They accommodate all classes, and will ask you none but reasonable prices.

——The democratic meeting in this place, Saturday evening, on account of short notice, was not as largely attended as it otherwise would have been, yet the house was nearly filled. The officers were, Pres't, J. J. Arney; Vice Pres.: Jas. A. Keller, John Spangler; Sec'y's, L. Murray, J. T. Lee. Address by Hon. C. T. Alexander and Fred'k Kurtz.

With this issue of the REPORTER closes the term of our campaign subscribers. We would be pleased to have them continue their subscriptions.

——Bargains, and nothing but bargains in all kinds of goods at Brockerhoff's, where they are closing out stock at cost. Now is your time to buy cheap. Bring your produce and get the highest price for it.

——There are some cases of diphtheria in this neighborhood.

——Telephonic communication between Huntingdon, Altoona, Philipsburg and Clearfield will soon be accomplished.

——One chap could not be spared to go up Salt river, and that is Lewins, of the Philad. Branch, because it is agreed on all hands that he cannot be spared on account of his low priced clothing. Thousands have ordered overcoats for Salt river, from the Philad, Branch, because from 6 to 10 dollars are saved on every coat. Lewins means business and calculates that his customers shall save money. He is the best friend the people of our county have.

The engineers who are going over the line of the Susquehanna and Southwestern Railroad from Selinsgrove to Mifflintown have accomplished more than half the distance and soon expect to reach Mifflintown. This is in preparation of estimates for a re-letting and completion of the road between these two points as soon as possible The line, we understand, is to extend beyond the Juniata to some point in Maryland on the B. & O. R. R. probably at Hancock or Cumberland. Rumor is rife its probable connections at this end of the line, but as far as known, it is not yet determined.—Sunbury *American*.

——Goods are still being sold at a sacrifice at Brockerhoff's store, in order to close out the stock. Dress-goods, notions, all kinds ready-made clothing, hats, boots, shoes, glassware, China ware, and a general assortment of everything. All these goods are first class, and sold very low.

——The news of the election suits some and don't suit others, but the suits at the Philad. Branch suit all for low prices and well-made garments.

——John Lundy, Sr., and John Lundy, Jr., the two men injured at the McIntyre plane died, making in all five deaths from the accident.

——Now since the election is over all are invited to call and get the latest despatches at Sechler's grocery the only place for official returns and pure groceries.

——Tuesday, near noon, a brisk snow storm set in, the flakes coming down thick and fast, and the ground soon was covered with white.

—— All our great men, Conkling, Cameron, Beaver, Pattison, Stewart, Arabi Pasha, and others, are not above wearing clothing such as is sold at the Philad. Branch. This proves there is no cheat in the garments. Lewins has never yet imposed upon any one.

——The election being over and all satisfied that the political agitation is over for a season, all will now turn their attention to family matters—this is the next important thing in order. Heads of families are not in a worry where to get those things that best please the taste and serve for comfort, for from Sechler's grocery all comforts can be supplied: Meats, fresh and cured; fruits, canned and dried; pure sugar, teas, coffees, vegetables, pure and fresh spices, fine cream cheese, all vegetables in season, fine confectioneries, fresh oysters, and hundreds of other nice and good things for table and other uses. If you have not yet visited Sechler's grocery do so the first time you get to Bellefonte, just to see what they keep, how nicely they keep things, and how full and complete their assortment of goods. You are always welcome and receive the politest attention.

FROM KANSAS.

Mrs. E M. Brown, nee Mrs. Alexander, writes us, from Beloit, Kan., Oct. 26:

Send me the "Reporter." I never see a democratic paper; I am getting behind in politics, and am afraid they will make a republican of me if I don't get better posted. The republicans are very much divided here on the Governor. St. John is their candidate; he is a strong temperance man; the saloon keepers and Whiskey men are fighting him all over the state. I think there will be a chance for the Democrats or Greenbackers to elect a governor. We are well and getting along slowly. We have very fine weather at present; the corn crop is not as good as the farmers expected; the prospects in July were very good, but the hot winds and drought set in about the first of August, and cooked the corn in two or three days' time, so that it will not average more than half a crop.

DUTY.

You ask me, "What is Manalin?"
What is this noted cure?
To tell you I will now begin
By saying it is pure:
Pure herbs compounded by such art
That each one does its work,
Does quickly some especial part,
And cannot duty shirk.

——A blacksmith wishing to purchase a valuable stand, read adv. of Jno. Reiter in REPORTER.

——Still selling off first class dry-goods and notions, clothing, boots and shoes, at a sacrifice, at Brockerhoff's store. No better chance for bargains, as it is determined to have the stock closed out.

——All kinds of produce wanted at Brockerhoff's store and the highest prices paid, and goods offered at a reduction of 30 per cent, to get rid of stock.

——If you want cheap suits call at the Brockerhoff store, selling 'em at about cost.

——Astronomers are still talking about the comet flying into the sun. There might be a big fire then, that's all, but it would not keep people from pulling into seclers for the purest and best groceries in the State.

——There is no use calling out the fire companies if the great comet does plunge into the sun, but there is great use and saving of money by purchasing all your ready-made clothing of Lewins.

——Read Dinges' new advertisement.

——On Monday night last, a dark bay mare, harness and spring wagon, were stolen from Herman Miller, at Pleasant Gap. The thief appears to have been at Centre Hall, next morning, and offered to sell the stolen property.

AN ELECTRIC LAUNCH.

Prof. Sylvanus P. Thompson sends to the London "Times" an account of a trip on the Thames in a launch propelled by electricity. He says:—"At half past three one afternoon I found myself on board the little vessel Electricity, lying at her mooring off the wharf of the works of the Electrical Power Storeage Company at Millwall. The little craft is about 26 feet in length and about 5 feet in the beam, drawing about 2 feet of water and fitted with a 22-inch propeller screw. On board were stowed away under the flooring and seats, forc and aft, forty-five electric accumulators of the latest type as devised by Messrs. Sellon and Volckmar. Fully charged by electricity by wires leading from the dynamos or generators in the works, they were calculated to supply power for six hours at the rate of four horse power. These storage cells were placed in electrical connection with two Siemens dynamos of the size known as D 3, furnished with proper reversing gear and regulators, to serve as engines to drive the screw propeller. Either or both of these motors could be switched into circuit at will. In charge of the electric engines was Mr. Gustave Paillipart, Jr., who has been associated with Mr. Volckmar in the fitting up of the electric launch. Mr. Volckmar himself and an engineer completed, with the writer, the quartette who made the trip. After a few minutes' run down the river and a trial of the powers of the boat to go forward, slacken or go astern at will her head was turned citywards, and we sped silently along the southern shore, running about eight knots an hour against the tide. At thirty-seven minutes past four London Bridge was reached, where the head of the launch was put about, while a long line of onlookers from the parapets surveyed the strange craft that without steam or visible power, without even a visible steersman, made its way against wind and tide. Slipping down the eob the wharf at Millwall was gained at one minute past five, and thus in twenty four minutes terminating the trial trip of the Electricity. For the benefit of electricians I may add that the total electromotive force of the accumulators was ninety six volts, and that during the whole of the long run the current through each machine was steadily maintained at twenty-four amperes Calculations show that this corresponds to an electric energy at the rate of 3 1-1 horse power."

The Jews extend no clemency to apostates. Speaking of the recent wedding of a daughter of the Rothschilds to a Catholic Prince, the *Jewish Messenger* says: "In giving the details of the late Rothschild Wagram wedding, the papers unite in saying that the only members of the bride's family present at the cerimonial were her mother and sister. One adds that during her baptism she wept, as if regretting her apostacy Another says that her father gave a million of francs to the Rothschild Hospital at Frankfort on the day of the wedding. Whatever may be Prince Wagram's opinion, the Christian world do not seem to welcome this latest addition to their ranks, while the Jews regret that the Rothschilds fail to secure Jewish sons-in-law for their daughters. It appears to have been a melancholy wedding, according to all accounts. The Frankfort Rothschilds were regarded as the strictest of the family; and the marriage of a daughter of the house to a Catholic nobleman, and her forced abjuration of her ancestral faith, are severe blows to her religious father."

THE SINKOF THE WORLD.

Mr. J. Carmichael, a Shanghai journalist, who is now editing the "Straitis Intelligence" of Singapore, gives a very bad account of the mortality of Shanghai. He says:—"Shanghai is wofully immoral. It is a 'sink of iniquity.' Shanghai is shamefully loose in its morals as a community; it is more libertine than any other place similarly situated. Here are 'decayes' of Hamburg who have graduated into big merchants, adventurers from America who have passed through events as romantic as any of those related by the fictionist, and at last have become pillars of society—gentlemen who have gathered vice in every Christian ground and then come to Shanghai as to a city of refuge wherein they grow rich."

At Faifield, Me., Fred Hutchison cut his wife's throat and then his own. Both Died in a short time. Hutchison was 38 years old and subject to fits, in one of which he committed the double crime. No other cause is known.

A woman can whip the devil around the stump, sometimes as well as do some other things. While Brit Osborne, of Gainesville, convicted of robbery, was lying in jail his wife, who was allowed to visit him quite frequently, asked for and obtained permission to stay all night in his cell. Next morning the jailor turned out a person whom he supposed to be Mrs. Osborne. A few minutes later a little child appeared at the door with some articles of woman's clothing and said that Osborne had sent them to his wife. An investigation revealed Mrs Osborne in the cell, her husbond having escaped by the strategy. She was released. Osborne has not been captured.

FLOODS IN JAPAN.

Yokohama, Oct. 17, via San Francisco, Nov. 2.—The Mikado is confined to his residence with a peculiar Japanese disease called "Kakake." There have been heavy floods in the provinces. Small villages were swept away and thousands of persons are reported to be drowned.

A COW WITH A WOODEN LEG.

Mrs. Mary Gravely, of Bailey's Cross Roads, Bucks county, has a cow which, about four months ago, had its right front leg cut off below the knee by a railroad train. A veterinary surgeon dressed the wounds and tied up the arteries so skillfully that the cow recovered. She was kept in the stable until a few days ago when a neighbor, a cabinet maker, made for her a wooden leg, which was strapped on the stump The cow hopped along holding the injured leg up for a day or two, but now she has concluded to use the wooden attachment, and limps around quite comfortably upon it, and seems to be in good health.

THE RESULT.

NO MORE BOSS RULE.

The People Have Thrown off the Yoke.

Pattison Elected.

An end to Stealing in Pennsylvania.

New York

is a clean sweep, the democrats have the legislature and the governor by 80,000.

New Hampshire

has gone democratic, the first time for many years, and elects a democrat governor.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The democrats have carried Massachusetts electing Butler for governor.

INDIANA

gives 11,000 majority for the dem.

Connecticut and all the other states bosses and plunderers routed.

Pennsylvania.

The democrats gain 3 congressmen so far. Harry White is defeated.

Pattisons majority in the state 30,000.

All honor to the independent republicans who assisted the democrats in driving the thieves from power and voted for honesty and reform.

Gen' Beaver has his wish gratified and stays at home in Bellefonte.

CENTRE COUNTY.

Potter north—Pattison 165, Beaver 59, Stewart 5, Pettit, temp. 4, Armstrong gr. 1, Lieut. Gov.—Black, dem., 183; Davis, rep. 47.

Sec'y Int. Af.—Africa, dem., 168; Greer rep, 56; Merrick, ind., 5; Dewoody, gr. 1.

Congr. at L.—Elliott, dem. 167; Brocius, rep. 62; M'Michael, ind. 2.

Congress: Curtin 187; Orwig 45.

Senator; Wallace 168, Gordon 63.

Assembly: Meyer 167, Hunter 148, Spigelmyer 62. Rhodes 73.

Coroner, Hoy 168.

Against Sheep Law, 1 majority.

Haines, w pr. Pattison 120, Beaver 79.

Millheim Pattison 120, Beaver 31.

Penn, Pattison 180, Beaver 12.

Centre county gives Pattison 1200 majority.

Curtin runs far ahead all over.

Democrats gain members of congress and of the legislature all around.

On Tuesday elections were held in 33 states, electing 15 governors and 300 congressmen.

The above is the substance of the telegraphic news on Tuesday night.

ANCIENT THOUGHTS OF THE MOON.

[Popular Science Monthly.]

Now is it to marveled at, when we consider that this planet was the most brilliant and and changeable, as well as the nearest and apparantly the largest celestial body that presented itself to their nightly view, and that in the clear exquisite ether of the Arabian skies, and the calm nights of India and Egypt, it shone among the heavenly host with a luster unknown to the dwellers in the crowded cities of a northern clime?

But the children of these tropic lands did more than gaze, speculate and admire. With supreme patience they reared lofty and grand pyramids, and invented instruments which have led up step by step to the transit instrument, the micrometer, and the telescope of to-day.

A college of astronomy was founded by the priesthood of Egypt, the worship of the moon growing out of their frequent use of her picture or carved image in making their meteorolgical announcements to the people; as for instance, when the Nile was about to overflow, warning heralds were sent through the streets bearing aloft the familiar symbols of the river goddess, and a gilded figure of the moon in the phase it would present at the date of the expected rising.

In the course of time, the signification was forgotten, the symbol was worshiped, and finally what is represented deified. The moon no longer appeared to the unlettered populace as merely a brilliant lamp suspended from a revolving dome, and shining until extinguished by the water of the ocean, but now was looked upon with awe as a region of sublime mysteries.

This veneration of the moon gradually spread with population to all parts of the world. We have records of ancient Chinese ceremonials; relics found among Druidical remains in western Europe; accounts of the astronomical picture writings of a religious character, and lunar calenders of gold, silver and stone, discovered in ancient temple ruins in Mexico, Central and South America.

Among the buildings devoted to lunar worship may be mentioned the wonderful temple of Diana at Ephesus, built at the combined expense of the nations of Asia, and the magnificent mansion of the moon adjoining the temple of the sun in ancient Cuzco; this building was in form a pyramidal pavilion with doors and inclosures completely incrusted with glittering silver. Within, on the southern wall, was a painting in white, presenting the moon as a beautiful woman; on either sides along the eastern and western walls, on massive thrones of silver, were seated the dead queens of Peru, embalmed and arrayed in regal splendor.

CENTRE CO. OFFICIAL 1880

Boroughs and Towns.	Hancock, D.	Garfield, R.
Bellefonte, N W	163	181
" S W	141	120
" W W	45	72
Milesburg	43	98
Millheim	124	26
Howard	52	59
Philipsburg	231	231
Unionville	40	44
Benner	194	69
Boggs	210	266
Burnside	42	48
Curtin	85	46
College	92	184
Ferguson O	162	73
Ferguson, N	63	108
Gregg N	79	4
Gregg S	255	83
Half Moon	239	111
Hall Moon	49	92
Harris	142	85
Howard	98	113
Huston	66	102
Liberty	64	183
Marion	98	88
Miles	280	62
Patton	56	102
Penn	168	17
Potter, N	179	66
Potter, S	221	80
Rush	212	247
Snow Shoe	187	131
Spring ◄	180	120
Taylor	32	7
Union	79	120
Walker	220	96
Worth	75	78
Total	4598	3602

THE SOUDAN.

London, Nov. 2.—It is understood that the government will accept the responsibility in regard to the Soudan. Sir Chas. Dilkein in the House of Commons to day said that news had been received from Khartoum, under date Oct. 30, that the False Prophet was defeated with great slaughter last month. Smallpox was raging among his followers. Alaidin Pacha, Governor of the Egyptian Red Sea coast, has been appointed to the command of the expedition to the Soudan.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of fieri facias, levari facias and venditioni exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, and to me directed, there will be exposed at public sale in the Court House, in Bellefonte, on SATURDAY NOVEMBER 25th, A. D., 1882, and at 1.30 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate of the defendants, to wit:

No. 1.

All that certain messuage, tenement and lot of ground situated in the town of Eaglevill, known as lot No. 19 Bounded on the north by an alley, on the east by a public road, on the south by a public road, and on the west by lot of Wm Corter, fronting on side road fifty feet and extending back one hundred and eighty feet. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, stable and other out buildings Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jas. J. DeLong.

No. 2.

All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situated in Benner township, Centre county and state of Pennsylvania: bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post thence by lands of Charles Whitmer thirty and a quarter degrees west, one hundred and two and eight tenths perches to a post; thence north 59° east, 81 3-10 perches to a post; thence north 30½° west, 161 8-10 perches to a stone heap, thence by land late of Henry Vandyke south 50° west, 102 perches to stones by white oak; thence by lands late of Henry Brockerhoff, south 30½° east, 207 6 10 perches to a post; thence south 30½° east sixty and seven-tenths perches to a post; thence by lands of T. R Reynolds, north 55½° east, 57 3 10 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 159 acres and 100 perches. Being the same premises which L. W. Munson, Esq., High Sheriff of Centre County, seized, took in execution and sold as the property of James C. Williams terre tenant and by Deed Patent, dated the 28th day of November, 1876, and duly acknowledged in open court, granted and conveyed to the said Felix Mullen. Thereon erected two dwelling houses, bank barn, wagon shed, corn crib, pig stable, and other out buildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Andrew Brockerhoff. Administrator *de bonis* of &c. of Felix Mullen, dec'd.

No. 3.

All those two certain messuages, tenement and lot of land situated in the Borough of Bellefonte, county of Centre; bounded and described as follows, to wit: One thereof bounded on the north of Howard St., on the east by lot of Robert Brannon, on the south by Pike alley and on the west by Jane Brown, being —— feet in front on Howard street and extending back 200 feet.

The other thereof, bounded on the north by Howard street, on the east by lot of John Morgan, on the south by Pike alley and on the west by the above described lot of the said Robert Brannon being formerly owned by Richard Morgan—being fifty feet front on Howard street and extending back 200 feet to Pike alley, being the same premises conveyed by Robert Brannon et. ux. to the said James T Hall, deed dated Sept. 28, A. D., 1875. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John G. Love, Adm'r, No. 4

All that messuage, tenement and tract of land situated in the township of Bonner in the county of Centre and state of Pennsylvania. Bounded and described as follows, to wit: Bounded by lands of G. A. Fairlamb on the north, east and south, on the west by lands of Centre Furnace and Lowrys. Containing 10 acres more or less. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Barbara Holderman and John Holderman her husband.

Terms cash, no deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

T. J. DUNKLE, Sheriff

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., October 31st, 1882.

ARABI PACHA.

London, Nov. 2.—The "Times" in an editorial says it believes that a compromise has been offered, or is about to be offered, to the British government, the purpose of which is that Arabi Pacha shall be allowed to expatriate himself and live in exile. The proposal, however, is unacceptable.

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat, 75, 90, and 1.00.
Rye 70c
Corn, shelled 80, and ears new 60
Corn, shelled, 90c.
Oats, 40c.
Buckwheat, 50c,
Barley 50c to 75c
Cloverseed,. 4 00 to 4.5 0
Timothy seed, 1 60 to 1 75
Plaster, ground per ton, $9.00
Flour, per bbl $5.00
Butter 25c
Tallow, 6c.
Lard, 12½.
Ham, 15c.
Shoulders 14c
Bacon or side, 14c
Eggs per doz. 20c
Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble
COAL—Pea, 3 35; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5 00; Egg, 4.85.

PEOPLE'S CYCLOPEDIA.

TONS OF BOOKS.— Under this caption the Boston Daily *Herald*, of Sept. 4 says: "Upon a single day last week the firm of Martin Garrison & Co. received from the New York publishers of "The People's Cyclopedia," bound volumes of that work, for the supply of their Massachusetts subscribers, which weighed four and a half tons. The firm claims that this is the largest shipment of knowledge for the people that was ever sent to Boston upon a single day. The invoice was valued at $12,000." 11200 volumes sold in three months by Phillips & Hunt, publishers, New York.
Sold by G. M. Swartz, Bellefonte, ag't for out er twp. 19oct4t

MARRIED.

DIED.

Of scarlet fever, Calvin Franklin, son of Henry and Sarah Rickard, at Spring Mills, Oct. 30, aged 3 years, 8 months, 11 days.

For the REPORTER.

Died, near Petersburg, Huntingdon Co., Oct. 22, Mr. Jacob Fisher, formerly of Centre Co., aged 64 years, 9 months, and 9 days.

Father Fisher was not in good health for five weeks prior to his death. One week before he died he was stricken with paralysis and suffered intensely until God took him home. He was an elder in the Lutheran church, which position he held for many years. He was one of the first members when the Luth. congregation at Petersburg was organized, and was one of the best citizens of the county, honored and respected by all. He was a consistent Christian man, and was held in high esteem by all his brethern of all denominations. He had a large measure of faith, hope and charity. It he had any faults—and I dare say he had for all have—they were few and not of the heart. He was patient and resigned to the last, and longed for the time when the vital spark would quit the mortal frame. I visited him very frequently during his sickness and, O, for a bright hope as his when we come to die And all may have such a hope for it is the gift of God through Christ to all who believe on His name. His funeral was largely attended and many took a last look at the face they had learned to love but never to see again until the resurrection morn when "they that sleep in the dust shall awake and sing" and "and they that turned many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever"

We have buried two elders in the short time of one week. Not many pastors are called upon to part with two elders in so short a time. The church feels their loss, and no one more so than their pastor, but our loss is their gain. So good, so true and faithful, they have gone to their reward. Who will wear their mantles? Peace be to their ashes.

Mr. Fisher and Mr. M. Ulrich, of Tussyville, were brothers-in-law.

"Up, up, in swift ascent they rise,
Star after star of living light,
Why should we mourn that midnight skies
Becomes with addded glories bright."

A. A. K.

Alexandria, Huntingdon Co., Nov. 1.

VALUABLE BLACKSMITH Stand For Sale.—The undersigned offers his property at Tussyville, supplied with cuts and price lists, and anything in my line not kept in stock, will be sent for at once and delivered at the same prices that it could be bought at if you went or sent yourself. I buy my drugs for cash, pay no discounts, which enables me to sell just as cheap as any other drug store in the county. All business between dealer and customers strictly confidential. J. D. MURRAY, Centre Hall.
jun.2f

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Margaret Weaver, late of Gregg twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. J. B. FISHER, Adm'r,
9nov6t Penn Hall.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of James Mc Cormick, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

ISABELLA MCCORMICK,
2nov6t J. O. MCCORMICK, Adm'rs.

SCHOOL TAX.—Notice is hereby given that the duplicate of Potter school district is in the hands of the undersigned for the ensuing year. On all taxes paid to him before December 1st, there will be a deduction of 5 per cent Taxes unpaid from said date to January 1, 1883, will be held at face of duplicate, and on all taxes unpaid after latter date, there will be an addition of 5 per cent. I will be at the following places to receive taxes: Tussyville, Tuesday, Nov. 29; at Potters Mills, Friday, 24; at Centre Hill, Saturday, 25; at Centre Hall, Wed, 29 Nov. 26oct6t JAMES A. KELLER, Treasurer.

TAN-YARD FOR RENT. The Centre Hall Tan-yard, with half an acre of land, is offered for rent. The stand is an excellent one for business Possession given April 1, 1883. For further information appiy to JOHN SANKEY, Es'r.
19oct4t Centre Hall, Pa.

HERE IT IS!
IT HAS COME!!

LET ALL THE PEOPLE REJOICE!

A LARGE AND SPLENDID STOCK OF

Fall and Winter GOODs, at Wolf's Store.

Equal to Any in the County.

And far Superior to Most any other Stock.

Fine Dress Goods, latest styles—unrivaled for beauty,

Ladies only call and see it!

CLOTHING—Overcoats and suits for Men and Boys.

Hats, Notions, boots and shoes, all styles and every Variety. The PUREST and best GROCERIES, Sugar, Coffee, Teas, none but the best quality and best flavor.

Come and See!

Beats all for Bargains!

Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is summed up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, nervous debility, &c.

Whatever the cause, don't neglect it. Something is wrong and needs prompt attention. No medicine has yet been discovered that will so quickly and surely cure such diseases as BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and it does this by commencing at the foundation, and making the blood pure and rich.

Logansport, Ind. Dec. 1, 1880.
For a long time I have been a sufferer from stomach and kidney disease. My appetite was very poor and the very small amount I did eat disagreed with me. I was annoyed very much from non-retention of urine. I tried many remedies with no success, until I used Brown's Iron Bitters. Since I used that my stomach does not bother me any. My appetite is simply immense. My kidney trouble is no more, and my general health is such, that I feel like a new man. After the use of Brown's Iron Bitters for one month, I have gained twenty pounds in weight. O. B. SARGENT.

Leading physicians and clergymen use and recommend BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It has cured others suffering as you are, and it will cure you.

Money Refunded

if goods do not turn out as represented, and no growling.

Special Attention

is called to our stock, which is larger and more varied than ever.

Every Department

is now complete.

All Goods

are marked in PLAIN FIGURES . . . AMERICAN FIGURES and at prices within the reach of any purse be it large or small:

DRESS GOODS.
SILKS *A SPECIALTY*,
VELVETS,
PLUSHES,
BLANKETS,
FLANNELS,
HOSIERY.
RIBBONS,
LACES,
NOTIONS,
CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS,
DRESS TRIMMINGS,
MATTINGS,
HATS,
CAPS,

Gents Furnishing Goods,

MERCHANT TAILORING,

&c., &c., &.

LADIES' & CHILDREN'S
SHOES.

LADIES'
Coats & Dolmans,

MISSES & CHILDREN'S
Coats & Dolmans,

Having purchased for CASH several cases of desirable DRESS GOODS of a defunct manufacturer at ruinous prices, we will in turn dispose of same to our customers at about one-half their value. REMEMBER they are the latest styles and in all the new and describable shades such as Terra Cotta, Crushed Strawberry, Olive, Myrtle, Plum, Garnet, Navy Browns and Blacks,

GOLDSMITH BRO.,

BEE HIVE

ONE PRICE STORES.
Bellefonte, Pa.

N. B.—We are sole agents for BALL'S Health Preserving Corset.

GOLDSMITH BROTHERS.

THE GREAT

BBB EEE EEE H H I V V EEE
B B E E H H I V V E
BBB EE EE HHH I V V EE
B B E E H H I VV E
BBB EEE EEE H H I V EEE

SSS TTTT OO RRR EEEE
S S T T O O R R E
S T T O O R R E
SSS T T O O R R EEE
S T T O O R R E
S S T T O O R R E
SSS T OO R R EEEEE

Leading physicians and clergymen use and recommend BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

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MATTINGS,
HATS,
CAPS,

Gents Furnishing Goods,

MERCHANT TAILORING,

&c., &c., &.

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SHOES.

LADIES'
Coats & Dolmans,

MISSES & CHILDREN'S
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BEE HIVE

ONE PRICE STORES.
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-FOR=CASH-

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William Penn.

[Read at the commemoration of the 200th anniversary of the landing of William Penn at Chester, Pa. The poem was written by Mr. Whittier when a boy of sixteen.]

The tyrant on his gilded throne,
The warrior in his battle dress,
The holier triumph ne'er have known
Of justice and of righteousness.

Founder of Pennsylvania! Thou
Didst feel it when thy words of peace
Smoothed the stern chieftain's swarthy brow
And bade the dreadful war dance cease.

On Schuylkill's banks no fortress frowned,
The peaceful cot alone was there:
No beacon fires the hilltops crowned,
No death shot swept the Delaware.

In manners meek, in precepts mild,
Thou and thy friends serenely taught
The savage huntsmen, fierce and wild,
To raise to heaven his erring thought.

How all unlike the bloody band
That unrelenting Cortez led
To princely Montezuma's land,
...ruin 'round his pathway shed.

...ts that knew not how to spare,
...aning milder means to try,
...mson sword alone was there,
...Indian's choice to yield or die.

...on, meek Pennsylvanian sire,
...ed, alone, from terror free,
...by the heathen council fire
...lessons of Christianity.

...of Pennsylvania's State!
...blood-wet rolls of fame,
...the good, the great
...sainted name.
...John G. Whittier.

...E CHILD.

...shed, low-ceiled sit-
...paraffine lamp on the
...ll its light on what
...y beneath it, in con-
...green cardboard shade
...the rest of the room in dark-

...the circle of light an ink-
...pet of notepaper, and a
...writing thereon these

...be so very dull, for I
...with some old acquaintances
...here in summer—those pretty
...t were at Henderson's
...other places last
...asked me to
...and so forth.
...and some rare
...ull spleenwort,
...eal fungi I never
...I? Never bet-
...much new life
...pater and yourself
...onate son,
...LEMENT MOORE."

...id down, the letter di-
...one; the latter di-
...bbed on side-
...Then the writer
...r, yawned, and
...y duty. Now for a little
...Wonder whether they're at
...ne. Only eight. I'll go and see."
...He went out into the passage, stooping to avoid knocking his head as he passed through the low doorway, which was never meant to admit six feet of humanity.

"Mrs. Grant!" he called, taking from its peg a soft felt hat.

"Yes, sir," came from the direction of the kitchen.

"I'm going out—shall be in by ten, perhaps sooner. You needn't get any supper ready."

"Very well, sir."

A ten minutes' walk in the cool evening air and he was in the center of a family party, greeting those he knew, being introduced to others, and sitting down amidst them, half bewildered by the light and buzz of voices.

But Clement Moore knew how to adapt himself to circumstances. The youngest child was soon on his knee, while he divided his conversation between her and her father—between anecdotes of a wonderful dog he possessed and the failure of the hop crop.

"You are staying at Grant's farm, are you not?" asked the motherly-looking mistress of the house. "Do they make you comfortable?"

"Pretty well," he answered, passing his hand gently over the little one's yellow curls. "They mean to, so I don't grumble. Mrs. Grant is a kind old soul and not a bad cook."

"You came for your health, I think you said," inquired Louy, the clever one of the family, raising her dark eyebrows interrogatively.

"Yes; and I like this better than the seaside, for I go in for a little botanizing as a rule in my holidays. The fact was I came to grief on my bicycle—broke my leg—and was used up for an unconscionable time. And now I've thrown over the doctor and come down here to recruit."

His eye fell, unconsciously to himself, on the third sister, Zoe, whose small, oval face was full of interest. She was apparently twelve or thirteen years of age, with golden-brown hair, cut short and curling about her head.

From her he looked toward Marian, who was busy with some dainty fancy-work, over which her pretty hands looked very expert and her fair face very intent.

"They are generally artists who come to stay at Mrs. Grant's," she said, looking up for a minute. "Do you sketch at all, Mr. Moore?"

"Not I, Miss Granger, I wish I could," he added, with a meaning look that made her color.

This was the first of many evenings spent at the Grangers', for the young man found the family gatherings more pleasant than his own society; and also, though he did not say so, more pleasant than any he had known in his own home.

"To-morrow is the last of these pleasant holidays," he said, regretfully, one afternoon, at the conclusion of a game of tennis. "I must be idle no longer. And we have never been over to that ruin you mention—I."

"The castle? You really ought to see it!" said Louy. "Well, can we not all go to-morrow?"

"I should like it of all things. Have you any objection, Miss Granger?"

"I? Oh, no!" Marian answered, quickly. "And Zoe, of course?"

"Oh, yes, Zoe must come!" and he smiled down at the little girl who was standing silently near.

"I will see," she replied, doubtfully.

"Good-bye, then, for the present," he said, shaking hands with the elder girls first; and then, instead of taking Zoe's small, outstretched fingers, he bent down and kissed them.

"Good-bye, little one," he said, laughing. "Mind, you are to come with us—or I don't mean to go."

Zoe's cheeks became deeply suffused. She gave him a look full of indignation and outraged pride, then turned and fled.

"Why, who would have thought—" he began, somewhat disconcerted, breaking off as he saw the looks of the others.

"I suppose," said Louy, coldly, "that you are under a mistake, Mr. Moore. Zoe is not the child she looks. She is nineteen!"

"Nineteen!" he repeated. "Impossible!"

"She is indeed!" Marian answered. "She always looked young; but last winter she was ill, and had her hair cut off, and since then she looks worse than ever!"

Moore colored hotly himself now. Then, with a half apology, he ran off across the lawn in the direction he had seen her take.

He found her sitting in a little arbor overhung with clematis, with her face hidden, bitterly crying.

Finding she did not move he was half inclined to go back.

"Miss Granger," he said, successfully resisting the impulse.

She started, and began hastily to dry her eyes.

"Yes."

"I beg your pardon. I had no idea—how could I have?—that you were not a child."

She looked so very small and so heartbroken, and at the same time so pretty, that Clement felt half tempted to take her in his arms like the child he had thought her.

"Can't you forgive me?" he asked, humbly. "You make me feel so terribly guilty. The fact was, I never noticed you much, or I could not have made such a mistake."

Zoe looked up with a faint smile.

"The first time I met you," she said, irrelevantly, "at a party last winter, you said to some one, 'What a pity to keep that child up so late! She ought to have been in bed hours ago!'"

"I did not know we had ever met before. I remember your sisters."

"It is very unfortunate to be so insignificant," said she, her lips quivering again. "I dare say you think me very silly; but you can't guess how hard it is sometimes to be so completely overlooked!"

Moore looked down at the slight, shapely figure, less than five feet in height, as though he saw it for the first time.

"Now I think of it," he said, "I must have offended you a hundred times by my stupidity. Well, I shall know better in future."

His face expressed so much contrition that she laughed outright.

"I don't bear you any malice, Mr. Moore. There's my hand on it."

He held it for a minute.

"Prove it, then, by coming with us to-morrow."

"Very well. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Clement, and left her.

A word more with the other two and then he was gone; and Louy and Marian walked down a garden path arm in arm.

"He is very nice," said Louy.

"Very handsome," her sister said, with a sigh; "but he's very—very—"

As she paused for a word, Louy nodded.

"Unimpressionable. Depend upon it, there is some one in London."

After these mysterious words two more sighs might have been heard, had any one been near; and the sisters were silent, thinking of to-morrow.

The weather was kind, and did not damp their spirits with rain. The succeeding afternoon found the three sisters suitably attired in their prettiest cotton dresses, ready to start, when the young man appeared.

"I hope you won't object to my vasculum," he said, as they set off. "I always take it when I'm going any distance. Three miles, I think you said?"

They chose by mutual consent the short cut across the fields, the said short cut taking a much longer time than the following of the road would have done. There were so many stiles to climb, and over every one Moore had to help Marian, who was very helpless and nervous. Then he made an attempt each time to assist Zoe, who as frequently declined, and nimbly surmounted them by herself.

Louy, too, was independent. She was even a little sarcastic, for Zoe's ear, at the amount of laughing, and pretty awkwardness, and holding of Clement's hand, before Marian was safely landed in each new meadow.

And then—oh, horror! there was a field of cows to be crossed. And Marian was dreadfully afraid of cows. What should they do?

"I thought you ladies who live in the country were more courageous," said Moore, as the girls came to a standstill. "Shall I go and send them farther away from the path?"

"Oh, no, for then they would be sure to run this way." And Marian looked absolutely pale.

"Come along, then, and take my arm," said he, laughing. "I'll undertake to pilot you safely through, and then come back for the others."

But Louy and Zoe had seen cows before, and followed without waiting for a protector. And very soon they were in the road, the uninteresting dusty road, with no stiles and no wild beasts to encounter.

"Ah!" exclaimed Moore, suddenly, "there's the moonwort! I must get it up, if you ladies will wait a minute."

He produced a little trowel from his pocket, and plunged his hand in among the long grass to separate it from the fronds of the fern. Immediately there was a slight hissing sound, and Zoe sprang forward in time to see something glide slowly into a hole in the bank.

She turned toward Moore as pale as death.

"What a narrow es—" she began, before she realized that his face also wore an unusual expression. "Oh, Mr. Moore, it didn't sting you?"

For answer he turned up his coat cuff and displayed a couple of little marks of teeth.

"Was it a viper?" he asked, and Zoe nodded.

A quick exclamation, a sigh and a slight rustle, and Marian was lying in the road unconscious, with Louy bending over her.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish," muttered Clement, putting the tiny wound to his mouth and sucking it. "Not very dangerous, is it?"

"Yes, rather," said Zoe, with a shiver and a glance at her sister. "Come, the Castle inn is only about half a mile! Do come, quickly never mind them! She is coming to!"

She seized his arm as he stood irresolute, and half dragged him along for a few steps, when he gave way to her earnest entreaty and walked quickly on beside her.

"Brandy is the best thing," panted Zoe, who had hard work to keep up with him.

"Are they ever—fatal?" the young man asked a few minutes later, with assumed nonchalance.

"No; that is, very seldom. A severe illness is the worst that could result, I think. Is it painful?"

"No," said Moore, telling an unblushing fib, as he glanced down at the white little face by his side.

A sudden idea flashed into Zoe's mind.

"Stop a minute!" she cried, snatching out a dainty pocket-handkerchief. "No, give me yours, it will be longer. That's it! Now turn up your sleeve."

She bound his handkerchief as tightly as she could round his arm, a little way above the wound.

"I can improve that," he said, and thrust his pocket-knife between the folds to tighten it. "Thanks, my child," he added, forgetting his resolve to remind her no more of her juvenile appearance.

They hurried on again and were soon in the inn parlor, surrounded quickly by a little group of curious and sympathizing women.

Zoe dispatched some one for the doctor, and set to work apparently to reduce Clement Moore to a state of intoxication. She forced him to drink glass after glass of brandy, until he obstinately refused to take another drop.

She pleaded, insisted, implored him almost tearfully, but he remained firm.

"If I have any more, I shall not know what I am doing," he said in her ear; and finding him so resolved, she desisted and longed for the doctor.

That gentleman arrived at last and set their minds at rest. He apprehended no worse result than a good deal of pain. Thanks to the prompt steps already taken.

They had to return home rather crestfallen, in a vehicle obtained at the inn, picking up the other two girls at a cottage where they had been waiting for Marian to recover from her faintness.

She was a good deal reassured at the sight of Moore apparently none the worse—the only effect of his wound being an unusually silent mood, from which he had not recovered when they parted at the Grangers' own door; he retaining the vehicle to take him on to Grant's farm.

"I must thank you some other time," he said, in a low voice to Zoe, as he handed her out of the chaise; and she, with forehead puckered into sympathetic lines, asked, in the same key:

"Is it very bad?"

He shook his head, lifted his hat, stepped in and was driven off, waiting till he was out of sight of the house before sinking back with eyes closed and with a sigh of relief at the freedom from his self-imposed restraint.

Mrs. Granger sent down to the farm the next day to inquire after him, receiving for reply that he was very well and would call the next day.

However, he did not come; and when two or three had passed without any Clement, a certain amount of anxiety was felt though not expressed.

"Louy," said Marian, one night when they were alone, "I firmly believe he likes Zoe better than either of us. I am not jealous—but who would have thought it! Such a child as she looks!"

She glanced into her mirror, but saw only a blurred reflection. And Louy kissed her gently, but answered nothing.

Zoe was never taken into their confidences. She was always left out, even in her own family, being still looked upon as "so very young."

Clement Moore having written home to say that he should stay where he was for another week, spent two days in bed and one in an easy-chair. On the fourth he emerged from the latticed porch with the intention of acquainting his friends with his recovery.

He had not gone far along the road before he espied two or three small figures in a meadow off to the right. He leapt the style and made for them.

As he had thought, they were Zoe and two smaller Grangers, with baskets, in search of blackberries.

Moore kissed both the little ones and pointed to a part of the field behind him.

"There are some splendid blackberries over there," he said—"whoppers! You two go and get them while we stay here."

The little girls ran off obediently, and than he turned to Zoe, to take both her little hands.

"I could not come sooner. How pale you are looking, child—I beg your pardon, I meant Zoe! I wish to heaven I could think it was on my account! Are you not well?"

Poor little girl! She had tortured herself so much in this day or two of ignorance respecting him that all her efforts to keep back the tears were vain. She turned from him, her cheeks burning with shame for the hot drops that rained over them.

"Why, Zoe! What have I said or done? Have I offended you again?"

"No;" and she choked back a sob and dried her eyes.

"What then? Zoe, I came to thank you for all you did for me, and I don't know how to do it. In fact, nothing will express what I feel, except—"

He looked at her doubtfully, uncertain how she would take the conclusion in his mind. The drooping of her eyelids and renewed accession of color settled the question.

Bending down he clapsed his uninjured arm about her, and pressed on her mouth such kisses as neither she had received nor he ever given before.

"Heaven bless you, my little darling! It is very soon to speak, but I know you as well as I could in a dozen years. Forgive me, sweet, and trust me."

But though a year passed before the complete proof of Zoe's trust in him was bestowed, the marriage created some surprise; for, as friends of the bridegroom said afterward:

"She looked so absurdly young!"

A Pack of Wild Dogs in India.

A tiger had killed one of my cart bullocks while he was grazing in the jungle within half a mile of camp. In my absence they had put up a machan on a tree near the carcase, but they must have made so much noise that the tiger was frightened, and had left that part of the jungle; for, though I rode down to the place on my pony and sat over the kill till dark, no tiger appeared. I was well repaid, however, for going, for I was favored with a very interesting sight. The sun was getting low, everything was quiet in the thick jungle round, and I was thinking about moving homeward when a peacock behind me called, and I hoped it was the tiger returning for his evening meal. A few seconds afterward a rustle on the leaves followed; and yet, though I strained my eyes, I could see nothing. Suddenly, stealing along, with their noses up, drinking in the delicious fragrance which came from the dead bullock, down wind, I saw a small pack of wild dogs, seven in all. Their bright rufous color had no doubt made the peacock, who must have seen one of them, think it was his enemy, the tiger. They circled quietly round the glade where the kill was lying, as though suspicious of a trap, but finally they seemed to make up their minds that there was nothing to fear, and, led on by the largest of the pack, a fine fellow with a large bushy tail, they crept up to the carcase in Indian file. One good look to see if the coast was clear, and they rushed in to the unclean feast. It was now that they did what I have never read of wild dogs, or indeed of any other wild animals doing. Only three of the pack commenced feeding. The other four, as if it were only part of their usual routine, trotted off into the jungle, and, during the whole time their friends were feeding, they were engaged in a ceaseless patrol of the adjoining neighborhood, crossing and recrossing each other at a distance of from eighty to 100 yards from the kill. Presently one of the three seemed to have taken the edge off his appetite, for he left the bullock, rolled and rubbed his nose in the grass, and, then trotting off on his tour of duty, relieved the nearest vidette, who ran in to enjoy the carrion. And so in turn each one got his share, no doubt enjoying the feast the more from the knowledge that friendly sentinels were on the alert and that he would get timely warning of any approaching danger. Their system of outpost duty is, in fact, unrivaled, and our best light infantry might with advantage have taken a lesson from them.—*London Field.*

How a Whale Breathes.

The windpipe does not communicate with the mouth; a hole is, as it were, bored right through the back of the head. Engineers would do well to copy the action of the valve of the whale's blow-hole; a more perfect piece of structure it is impossible to imagine. Day and night, asleep or awake, the whale works his breathing apparatus in such a manner that not a drop of water ever gets down into his lungs. Again, the whale must of necessity stay a much longer period of time under water than seals; this alone might possibly drown him, inasmuch as the lungs cannot have access to fresh air. We find that this difficulty has been anticipated and obviated by a peculiar reservoir in the venous system, which reservoir is situated at the back of the lungs.—*Frank Buckland.*

Talk about the doubtful voter, he's a gentleman beside a doubtful oyster.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

COMMANDER WILLIAM ALBERT PARKER United States navy (retired), died at Eas Boston, Mass., aged sixty-six years.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON, the Swedish nightingale, arrived in New York from Europe a few days since, and will appear in concerts throughout the country.

E. G. WATSON, engineer of the locomotive which ran into a car filled with workmen near North Adams, Mass., causing several deaths, was committed to jail on a charge of homicide.

DURING a display of fireworks in Fairmont park, Philadelphia, on the first day of the Penn bi-centennial celebration, a mortar burst, scattering death throughout the dense crowd. Mrs. Isabel Scudder (colored) had her head severed from her body, and her three-year-old child was killed. Three or four other persons were killed, and several more badly injured.

PHILADELPHIA celebrated the bi-centennial of William Penn's landing in grand style. On the first day there was a mimic landing in which 150 barges and many other vessels participated. As Penn stepped ashore at Dock street, the original landing-place, he was welcomed by eighty imitation Swedes, Dutch and Indians amid the cheers of a multitude of spectators. A monster parade, consisting of eleven divisions and containing innumerable military and civic societies and other features, then followed. Among those present in the procession were the governor, General Hancock and other prominent personages. In the evening public and private buildings were illuminated, and over 100,000 people witnessed the elaborate fireworks in the East park. Boats and boathouses on the the Schuylkill were hung with Chinese lanterns, and the air was kept filled with rockets and Roman candles.

NEWS has reached New Bedford, Mass., of the massacre by Patagonian savages in July last of three boats' crews attached to as many vessels. Captain Edgar W. Crapo, master of the lost schooner Surprise, writes the details of the horrible story as told him by Charles Sampson, mate of the English bark Roseneath. Sampson and four others were afloat five days after the foundering of their vessel, when they fell in with three canoes of savages. The fiends tried to do a little trading at first, but seeing the defenseless condition of their victims, they forthwith slaughtered all except Sampson, whom they took home with them. He had been in captivity about three weeks when the Surprise was wrecked, and the savages put off in canoes, captured a boat's crew of six men, brought them ashore and put five to death, sparing the life of a Portuguese boy. Sampson was rescued a few days later by some friendly Indians. The Surprise was owned in New Bedford, and was, with her cargo, a total loss.

A MILITARY parade in which 20,000 men participated, and musical exercises and addresses, were the features of the last day's celebration at Philadelphia in honor of Penn's landing.

LEWIS LYON, president of the Third avenue railroad company, the leading horse-car company in New York, was shot at twice by his nephew, Charles Schwartz, foreman of the feed department. Both shots missed their mark. Supposing he had killed his uncle, Schwartz shot himself, inflicting a wound which caused death in half an hour. No motive for the act was assigned.

POOR success attended the last six-day walking match in New York, notwithstanding that the nine competitors comprised the men who had made the largest scores in previous matches. Rowell and Hazael, one of whom was expected to win, gave out on the third day. The winner turned up in Fitzgerald, of Long Island, who covered 577 miles, Noremac coming in second with 566 miles, Herty third with 541 miles and Hughes fourth with 525 miles. Hart, Vint and Panchot retired before the close of the match. The first man received about $3,400, the second $1,200, the third $675 and the fourth $150. Comparatively little interest was manifested in the contest.

A FIRE at Fall River, Mass., destroyed the Flint cotton mill, a massive granite structure, causing a loss of about $700,000 and throwing 500 hands out of employment.

DR. E. P. BENNETT, of Danbury, Conn., was killed by a dose of hydrate of chloral which he took by mistake.

A LOSS of about $150,000 was incurred by the burning of the Eureka Cast Steel company's extensive works at Lamokin, Pa.

A FREIGHT train left the track near Putnam, N. Y., and the fireman and a brakeman were killed and eighteen cars were burned.

A SOCIETY has been formed at Boston for the purpose of colonizing Palestine with industrious Christians.

FLAMES were discovered about 4:30 P. M. in Abbey's Park theatre, on Broadway, New York, and spreading with great rapidity the building was in a short time totally destroyed. Mrs. Langtry, the English professional beauty and actress, was to appear the same evening for the first time in this country, and from her hotel a short distance away watched the destruction of the building in which she had expected in a few hours to make her debut before an American audience. Mrs. Langtry had intended to make her first appearance in Tom Taylor's comedy, "The Unequal Match," and the members of the company had attended the last rehearsal about two hours previous to the discovery of the fire, leaving the stage set for the first act in the play—a parlor scene described as the most magnificent piece of stage-setting ever seen in America. Over a dozen employes who were in the theatre when the fire broke out were compelled to beat a hasty retreat, and two or three of them were injured, one—Harry Clark, a stage carpenter—with probably fatal results. The total loss is put at $191,000, several buildings adjoining the theatre suffering severely. The loss of Henry E. Abbey, Mrs. Langtry's manager, in theatrical scenery, costumes and properties, amounts to $100,000, on which his insurance is only $10,500.

South and West.

Two young North Carolina farmers settled their rivalry for the affections of a young lady by a duel with horsewhips, near Guilford. They lashed each other for three hours, when they were parted, each having received terrible punishment.

THE eighth annual congress of the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States met in Richmond, Va. Bishop J. N. Gallaher, of Louisiana, delivered an address, giving a review of the object and scope of the church congress.

AT Stillwater, Minn., a farmer named Klingbill arose from his bed and dangerously stabbed his wife. A son who interfered was killed by Klingbill. Two officers arrested the farmer after a fierce struggle, during which they had to shoot him, inflicting a fatal wound. Klingbill was a desperate character, and his wife had refused to live with him; hence the assault.

WILLIAM M. RICHARDSON, a dry goods merchant, was found in his room at Bloomington, Ill., with a wound across his throat and his head almost severed from the body, while upon the floor lay a razor. He was seventy years old, and was until recently government storekeeper.

ADELBERT COLLEGE of the Western Reserve college was dedicated at Cleveland, Ohio, with impressive ceremonies. The college is the gift of Amasa Stone, Jr., of Cleveland, who built it at a cost of $500,000.

A STAGE coach was stopped within the city lines of Leadville, Col., by two armed men and the passengers robbed of over $2,000.

FOUR business blocks at Hopkinsville, Ky., were destroyed by fire, involving a loss of about $300,000.

ROBERT FORD, one of the slayers of Jesse James, was acquitted at Plattburg, Mo., of the charge of murdering a desperado named Wood Hite.

A GREAT sale of land in El Paso county, Texas, has just taken place, New York parties paying $600,000 for 500,000 acres.

DURING a race between two tugboats near Racine, Wis., the boiler of one exploded and killed the captain, engineer and fireman.

FIRE leveled a large portion of the business district of Truckee, Nev.; estimated loss, $100,000.

AT Osborne, Kansas, Thomas Hopson (colored), killed Theodore Rudman for locking up one of his pigs that had been trespassing on Rudman's property. He also fatally injured Rudman's daughter by stabbing her four times, and beat the murdered man's wife until she was insensible.

A SUDDEN and remarkable decline in the number of yellow fever cases at Pensacola, Fla., is reported.

THE safe of the treasurer of Hampton county, S. C., was broken into and robbed of about $12,000 money and a large quantity of bonds and other valuable papers.

A CHICAGO jury has declared Mrs. Scoville, the sister of Guiteau and wife of the assassin's counsel, insane upon proceedings brought against her by her husband. Mrs. Scoville had brought suit for divorce against her husband.

BRET OSBORNE, who was serving a term of imprisonment at the Gainesville (Ga.) jail for robbery, was visited frequently by his wife, who received permission on one occasion to remain all night in her husband's cell. Next morning the jailer turned out a person whom he supposed to be Mrs. Osborne. A few minutes later a little child appeared at the prison with some woman's clothing for Mrs. Osborne, and it was then discovered that the prisoner had been released, dressed in his wife's clothes, and had made good his escape. Mrs. Osborne was released.

THE first snow storm of the season is reported from Grand Forks, Dakota.

P. W. SMITH & Co., of Tombstone, Arizona, considered the most substantial merchants in the southern part of that Territory, have failed, owing $112,000, with large assets.

A HEAVY log slipped from the hands of the workmen at a sawmill near Waynesfield, Ohio, and rolling over a group of children who were playing near by, instantly killed one of them and fatally wounded four others.

From Washington.

WARRANTS were issued for the arrest of Frank H. Fall, Frederick C. Shaw, Thomas R. Foote and Arthur Payne, charged with having endeavored improperly to influence jurymen in the recent star route trial. Juryman Donjphan has sworn that Shaw, who was one of the original panel and was rejected by the prosecution, approached him and urged him to vote for the acquittal of ex-Senator Dorsey, promising $200 or $300 for his vote.

THE surgeon-general of the army has submitted his annual report to the secretary of war. The report shows that during the last fiscal year there was disbursed on account of medical and hospital department, $182,449; on account of artificial limbs, $102,081; on account of appliances for disabled soldiers, $250; on account of medical and surgical history, $4,288; on account of museum and library, $8,715; expended in providing trusses, $5,057. Among the white troops the total number of cases of all kinds taken on the sick list was 34,880, being 1,679 per one thousand of mean strength, and among the colored troops, 4,099, or 1,810 per one thousand of mean strength. There were 216 deaths among the white troops, twenty-five among the colored and nine among the Indian troops.

LIEUTENANT RAY, of the signal service, has discovered a river in Alaska apparently as large as the Missouri.

THE report of the assessor of the District of Columbia shows that the assessed value of taxable real estate in the District on June 30, 1882, was a little more than $92,500,000. To this may be added the value of the property of the United States, which was more than $85,000,000 on June 30.

THE interior department has decided in effect that seven years' absence may be taken as proof presumptive of a soldier's death, and such proof shall warrant the issue of a pension to his family, if other requirements have been complied with. Heretofore positive proof of the soldier's death was required, which in many cases it was impossible to produce.

THE operations of the 5,491 authorized money order offices of the United States during the last fiscal year reached the sum of $113,400,118.21 in orders issued, and of $113,388,301.90 in orders paid and repaid, a gain in each case of about eight per cent. The fees received from the public amounted to $1,053,710.55, an increase of nearly nine per cent. There were 377,443 international money orders issued, of the value of $6,536,-514.48, and 117,883 such orders paid, amounting to $2,453,462.79; while the total amount of fees paid by the public was $145,644.25, so that the domestic and international money orders issued during the year aggregated $119,936,632.69, and the orders paid with the repayments of over $115,000,000.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has appointed George E. Waring, Jr., of Newport, R. I., a member of the National board of health, vice Charles F. Folsom, of Massachusetts, resigned.

SEVEN of the vacancies which will occur in the United States Senate on the 4th of March next have been filled. Three of the Senators elected are Republican, three Democratic and one a Readjuster. Fourteen more seats remain to be filled, of which seven are now held by Republicans and seven by Democrats.

THE promotions in the army consequent upon the retirement of Major-General Irvin McDowell have been announced by the President as follows: Brigadier-General John Pope to be major-general and Colonel Ronald S. Mackenzie, Fourth cavalry, to be brigadier-general. General Pope is at present in command of the Department of Missouri, with headquarters at Fort Leavenworth. General Mackenzie is in command of the district of New Mexico, with headquarters at Santa Fe.

A WARRANT was issued for the arrest of Foreman William Dickson, on the affidavit of Juror McNally for endeavoring improperly to influence the verdict of the star route jury. Mr. Dickson was foreman of the jury during the recent trial, and at its conclusion he charged that some of the jury had been "seen" for the purpose of influencing them to bring in a verdict of guilty. Another warrant was also issued for his arrest on the affidavit of Brewster Cameron, with the affidavits of Henry A. Bowen and Judge Wilson W. Hoover attached as exhibits, charging Dickson with conspiring with George W. Driver and others to get money from the United States through Brewster Cameron for the purpose of impeding justice.

GENERAL H. G. WRIGHT, chief of engineers, in his annual report to the secretary of war declares that no nation is so ill provided with seacoast defenses as the United States.

THE chief of the bureau of statistics reports that during September 65,750 passengers arrived, of whom 49,935 were emigrants, 11,340 citizens of the United States returned from abroad, and 4,475 aliens not intending to remain in the United States.

THE commission appointed to investigate the tariff question has completed its labors. Altogether the commission traveled 7,000 miles, held public sessions for about seventy days, and heard the statements of between 500 and 600 persons. The printed record will fill about 2,000 pages. A dispatch says "it is the opinion of persons who have had unusually good opportunities for judging of the sentiment of the commission that no radical changes in the existing tariff will be recommended."

Foreign News.

THE cost of the Egyptian war amounts to nearly $20,000,000.

DAMAGE amounting to $80,000 was done to the Panama railroad by the recent earthquake.

THE French minister of justice says that the government has in its hands clews to a vast revolutionary organization, in accordance with which France is divided into local federations directed by a committee having its headquarters in Geneva.

BOTH branches of the British parliament passed votes of thanks to the English army in Egypt.

DURING the recent heavy gale in England a Yarmouth smack was lost and her crew of six men were drowned. Another smack with a crew of ten men is reported lost.

SEVENTY-FIVE revolutionists have been arrested at Odessa, Russia.

THIRTEEN thousand miners at Wigan, England, have accepted an offer of the masters of an advance of ten per cent. in wages.

DAMAGE done by floods in the Southern Tyrol is estimated at over 1,500,000 florins.

A LEADING Paris paper says editorially that there are reasons to suppose that President Grevy will resign soon.

A THREATENED revolutionary uprising in Lyons, France, created great consternation among the people and caused a total suspension of business. Troops were telegraphed for and a large number of arrests made. The disturbances were caused by the league of anarchists.

THE Servian ministry resigned, alleging as a reason that the king is dissatisfied at their failure to discover the origin of the recent plot to murder him. The king refused to accept their resignations.

FLAMES destroyed a number of prominent buildings in Margate, a watering place on the North sea, eighty miles from London; loss, about $200,000.

MUCH of the population in Western Ireland is threatened with starvation. Three hundred people on Tony island, coast of Donegal, are without food.

GENERAL WOLSELEY was enthusiastically received in England upon his return from Egypt.

THE Bey of Tunis is dead and a new bey has been installed.

RENEWED floods in the Tyrol have wrought great damage. It is believed that the losses will aggregate 15,000,000 florins. An Austrian cabinet meeting to devise measures of relief has been held.

THE village of Grindelwald, Switzerland, has been almost entirely destroyed by a hurricane.

TWENTY-FIVE fishermen and sailors perished in a gale along the Spanish coast.

A SPECIAL commission on postal reform in Mexico have prepared a code embodying the leading features of the American system.

FLOODS and a waterspout have done great damage in France. The town of Cannes was inundated and seven brigs were destroyed at St. Raphael by a waterspout.

AN accident novel in England and therefore creating much sensation was the destruction by fire of a Pullman palace car attached to an express train running between London and Glasgow. One passenger was burned to death and three others had a narrow escape.

Thanksgiving Day Proclamation.

The following Thanksgiving proclamation has been issued by the President of the United States:

A PROCLAMATION.

In conformity with a custom, the annual observance of which is justly held in honor by this people, I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, do hereby set apart Thursday, the 30th day of November next, as a day of public thanksgiving.

The blessings demanding our gratitude are numerous and varied. For the peace and amity which subsist between this republic and all the nations of the world; for the freedom from internal discord and violence; for the increasing friendship between the different sections of the land; for the liberty, justice and constitutional government; for the devotion of the people to our free institutions and their cheerful obedience to mild laws; for the constantly increasing strength of the republic, while extending its privileges to fellow-men who come to us; for the improved means of internal communication and the increased facilities of intercourse with other nations; for the general prevailing health of the year; for the prosperity of all our industries, the liberal return for the mechanic's toil, affording a market for the abundant harvests of the husbandman; for the preservation of the national faith and credit; for wise and generous provision to effect the intellectual and moral education of our youth; for the influence upon the conscience of a restraining and transforming religion, and for the joys of home; for these, and for many other blessings, we should give thanks.

Wherefore, I do recommend that the day above designated be observed throughout the country as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, and that the people, ceasing from their daily labors and meeting in accordance with their several forms of worship, draw near to the throne of Almighty God, offering to Him praise and gratitude for the manifold goodness which He has vouchsafed to us, and praying that His blessings and His mercies may continue.

And I do further recommend that the day thus appointed be made a special occasion for deeds of kindness and charity to the suffering and needy, so that all who dwell within the land may rejoice and be glad in this season of national thanksgiving.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[Seal.]

Done at the city of Washington, this twenty-fifth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two, and of the independence of the United States, the one hundred and seventh.

By the President CHESTER A. ARTHUR.
Fred'k T. Frelinghuysen,
Secretary of State.

A Romantic Story.

An Innsbruck (Germany) correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* tells this story:

In the Silver chapel is the tomb and marble effigy of that beautiful woman, Philippina Weiser, whose photograph you see in all the shop windows of Innsbruck. Her eyes were divine, it is said, dark blue, her hair golden chestnut, and the skin so transparent that the "red wine could be seen as it ran down the lovely throat." In the photograph her beautiful face rises up like a lovely flower out of a high ruff, a superb jeweled collar with pendant jewels is bound close about the high-mounting neck of the richly-fitted robe, the hair is parted and rolled back from a high, broad, intelligent forehead that has nothing Greek about it, but is a clear, good, Anglo-Saxon brow; on the head is a net-cap made of small gold rosettes, with pearls and a jeweled border around it. The arch of the delicate eyebrows is perfect; the eyes have a bewitching expression that is both courageous and pleasing; she had a shapely nose, a lovely mouth and chin, and an expression of dignity, refinement and gentleness; perfect womanly lovelliness characterize this pictured semblance of a woman who was the most beautiful of her day, and whose romantic history has inspired many a poet and dramatist. She was the daughter of a rich Augsburg banker. Ferdinand, nephew of Charles V., fell madly in love with her, and they were married secretly. She was the mother of two sons, whose portraits you can see at Schloss Ambras, the charming castle on the Mittelgebirge mountain slopes, a short distance from Innsbruck, where Philippina and Ferdinand spent their long, happy married life. The Emperor Ferdinand was naturally very angry at this marriage, but during one of his visits to Innsbruck the lovely woman came with her two young boys and begged him to forgive her. History tells a pretty, touching story, how he had only to look at Philippina to justify his son. When Ferdinand the emperor died she lost her best and most powerful friend. Her mother-in-law was forever taunting her. So one morning the poor woman lay down in her bath-tub and drowned herself, in order that her dear husband might marry a royal wife. You can see the bath-room at Schloss Ambras, but the custode denies the legend, I am happy to say, and I am unwilling to believe it. Her husband, the Count of Tyrol, mourned her loss. Tradition says he was frantic with grief, and built the beautiful Silberne chapel, where each lie buried. True, he married again only two years after her death, and his second wife was of his own rank, the daughter of Duke William, of Mantua; but he never lived again at Schloss Ambras.

Cowboys' Horses.

In an article on the cowboys of the far West a Wyoming correspondent says: A word about the horses employed in this business. They are trained for the work, and know just how to avoid the goring horns of the attacking steers and bulls. A fact. One unfamiliar with the business was riding one of those horses, when a wild steer left the herd and rushed for him. In his fright he thrust his spurs into the sides of the horse and tried to make him flee. The horse, however, stood as if paralyzed. But just as the steer came up, and while the alarmed rider was anticipating naught but death for himself and horse, the horse dexterously darted to one side, and, as the steer passed, the horse wheeled and ran directly after him, or began to drive him onward. Then a trained horse will throw the strongest steer or bull. His rider approaches with lariat, one end of which is firmly tied to the pommel of the saddle. The other end is fixed with a noose, and the expert cowboy throws this over the head or about the heels of the creature, when his horse settles back upon his haunches, and when the lariat straightens with a sudden jerk, the fleeing animal is as suddenly turned over. Of course, such an experiment with a full grown steer is never attempted on a green horse. The horses are first trained to the business by experiments on the younger stock.

"Wire the Gentleman."

The new verbs which the rush of progress brings into use are often stumbling-blocks to the simple. The fun comes in when ignorant persons get frightened at them and go off without asking what they mean. The Louisiana *Commercial* says:

Two young women entered an intelligence office and one of them asked if there was any situation open.

The agent said he had just received a letter from a gentleman in Poughkeepsie, asking if they could send up a servant girl. The agent explained what work she would be required to perform and the wages she would get.

The girl consulted for a few moments with her companion and then said she would go.

The agent gave her the necessary directions and told her at what time she would have to be at the station, with the assurance that she would go through all right. The girl listened attentively.

"Now you must be sure and go through all the way," said the agent, "and not get off."

"Yes," said the girl.

"And don't let anybody talk to you and ask you to go with them," said the agent.

"Yes," said the girl.

"I will write at once what time you will get there and they will expect you," said the agent. "You will get th ere to-morrow."

"Yes," said the girl.

"If you have any difficulty when you reach the railroad station, wire the gentleman," handing her his card, "and he will meet you at the station."

"I'll not stir a peg, so I won't. I'll engage to wash, iron and plain cook for the family, but I'll not do all this and wire gentlemen for fourteen dollars a month, so I won't," and she went out of the office.

The Toledo (O.) *Bee* says: Colonel J. Dorse Alexander, editor Barnesville (Ga.) *News*, has been cured of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil.

Ignatius Donnelly argues that the drift deposits which the geologists say are the result of ice action are merely the remains of comets that have just led the earth in their race through the solar system.

Mr. W. A. Forbes, Greenfield, Mass., was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of rheumatism.—*Cincinnati Christian Standard.*

Southern cotton mills now boast 1,237,400 spindles, and the consumption of cotton this year will reach 400,000 bales, or one-quarter of the amount used North.

C. C. Shayne, 103 Prince St., New York, the well known wholesale manufacturer